

THE CRITIC

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No. 3

With this number THE CRITIC disappears from view and closes its separate publication. It becomes incorporated with the new PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, of which it will constitute an important, not to say an essential, factor. It is planned in the new magazine to preserve the best characteristics of THE CRITIC, that is to say, those features which have met with the approval of the largest number of the cultivated readers to whom THE CRITIC has been more particularly addressed. The new PUTNAM'S like the old CRITIC, is to be artistic and literary, but the scope will be widened, and the larger compass of material will permit the treatment of a greater variety of subjects. In the first issue of the new PUTNAM'S, will be given a record of the career of THE CRITIC.

In the Publishers' Department of the present number of THE CRITIC will be found the full announcement of the new PUTNAM'S.

The Lounger

THE "Astonishing Discovery" published in the July CRITIC was more astonishing than I imagined. THE CRITIC was hoaxed, and that is all that can be said. That the hoax was unintentional let us hope. It cost THE CRITIC a good price and much chagrin. Father Prout would laugh if he knew that his joke was so far-reaching.

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One of the most popular writers of out-of-door books to-day is Charles F. Holder, whose specialty is fishing. His first book that I remember was "The Log of a Sea Angler," published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. Since then he has written "Life in the Open," published by Messrs. Putnam. Both books have been unusually successful for books of their class. In the frontispiece of this

number we find Mr. Holder bringing a big fish to gaff with Captain Harry Doss, the famous tuna gaffer and boatman.

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When a book like Signor Fogazzaro's "The Saint" makes a sensation one has every reason for believing that it will be long-lived, but a book such as "The Jungle" is a mere flash in the pan. I am told in regard to this latter book that Messrs. Macmillan refused to publish it unless some of its statements were toned down. Mr. Sinclair declined to modify a line, and took his manuscript to Messrs. Doubleday, Page, & Co. They were shocked at the revelations as Messrs. Macmillan had been, but before they declined the story they sent a lawyer to Chicago who is said to have verified all the statements; then the book was published.

Signor Fogazzaro, who, by the way, has had the distinction of seeing his novel placed on the "Index," as an unsafe book, has written some verses which, with their translation, have recently appeared in *The Spectator*:

A mezzanotte il Papa in Vaticano,
Guardingo, sol, con la lucerna in mano.
Va di furto, ristà, l'orrechio intende.
Tutto è silenzio; egli la via riprende.
Ne l'alzar le portiere di velluto
Esplora l'ombra, allunga il passo muto.
Laggiù nel fondo d'una buia sala
Si curva a terra e la lucerna cala.
V'è ascoso un quadro sotto un drappo nero;
Luca Cranach vi fe' Martin Lutero.
Cerca il Papa di Satana ogni traccia;
Il duro frate guarda il Papa in faccia.
Through the Vatican Palace at night
Passes the Pope. He carries a light.
Catlike he moves, then halts in his track,
Listens, hears nothing, and turns him back.
He raises the velvet curtain high,
Peering around ere he passes by.
Towards the ground in a darksome nook,
Low'ring his lantern, he bends his look.
There on a panel by curtain dimm'd
Is the Luther portrait Cranach limn'd.
The Pope looks wildly for Satan's face.
The stern monk gazes right in his face.



With her new novel we are to have the official portrait of Miss Marie Corelli. So many unofficial portraits of Miss Corelli have been put upon the market that she thinks it time to publish one that she is willing to stand for. This announcement by the author of "The Sorrows of Satan" has been received with unconcealed joy in certain quarters, but, after all, why should not Miss Corelli have the sympathy of the public? Why should she rest content with a travesty of her face exposed to curious gaze? We may not be vain, we may not be deluded with the idea that we are raving beauties, but our face is part of ourself, after all, and if we are truly represented we much prefer it to being misrepresented. It is the same with our names. If a man's name is Smithers he objects to being called Smith. Our names, as our faces, may not be pretty, but we are used to

them. We may try to improve them, but we object to having them made worse.



The idea of a Thackeray Club, put forth by THE CRITIC, has not been received with great enthusiasm in England. Justin McCarthy, who was a close personal friend of Thackeray, has written to say that

the suggestion is in every sense admirable, and ought to be welcomed warmly by all admirers of our great dead, but in the literary sense ever-living, Thackeray. One cannot help feeling sure that such a club would be a tribute which Thackeray would himself regard as a most touching and appropriate homage to his name. I sincerely hope that the proposal may be carried into effect as quickly as possible, and I offer my heartfelt wishes for its success.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who counted Thackeray among his friends, writes:

You ask me what I think of Mr. Melville's suggestion that a Thackeray Club should be started. Though cordially sympathetic with the feeling that prompts this proposal, I must say that I do not think it would have pleased Mr. Thackeray; and the doubt that he would have wished to see it carried out determines my view of the matter.

Mr. Andrew Lang sends a caustic reply: "No doubt if more dinner clubs are wanted a Titmarsh Club would be desirable." Evidently Mr. Lang has had enough of dinner clubs,—but why a *dinner* club? Why not just a club such, for instance, as the Garrick?



Mr. A. E. W. Mason, whose portrait is here given, is the author, among other things, of "The Four Feathers," a book that was published some six years or more ago and which made an instant success. A serial by Mr. Mason called "Running Water" was commenced in the August number of the *Century Magazine*. It is a story of adventure and development of character. The scene opens in the Alps, shifts to England, and then back to the Alps. Mr. Mason has another story



MR. A. E. W. MASON.

about finished, which will be printed serially at about the same time. It is not often that one novelist is running two serials simultaneously.



Why won't some one found a Society for the Suppression of Anthony Comstock? He is certainly a menace to public morals. His latest onslaught, the raid on the Art Students' League, is his crowning absurdity. In my humble opinion he does much more harm than good. He not only makes us a laughing stock among civilized nations, but puts

evil thoughts into the minds of the innocent. A public censor who finds Harry K. Thaw a right-minded young man is hardly a safe moral guide. Let him be suppressed; a society for the suppression of Comstock would be a good thing for the country.



Mr. R. Bergengren has the courage of his opinions, and in the August *Atlantic* discusses the Sunday colored supplement *versus* the dime novel. He proves by a plain statement of facts that the Sunday colored supplement is

much more pernicious in its effects than ever was the dime novel. The latter

as a rule holds up ideals of bravery and chivalry, rewards good, and punishes evil, offers at the worst a temptation to golden adventuring, for which not one child in a million will ever attempt to surmount the obvious obstacles. It is no easy matter to become an Indian fighter, pirate, or detective; the dream is, after all, a day-dream, tintured with the beautiful color of old romance, and built on eternal qualities that the world has rightfully esteemed worthy of emulation. And in place of it the comic supplement, like that other brutal horror, the juvenile comic story, that goes on its immoral way unnoticed, raises no high ambition, but devotes itself to "mischief made easy."

The only hope is that children do not try to emulate the mischief of "Buster Brown" or "Foxy Grandpa's" grandchildren. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred these picture stories amuse rather than inspire imitation. Nevertheless, their tendency is bad. I would not have one in my house. The look of the gaudy colors is enough to disgust any one. I do take a Sunday paper that has a comic supplement—the New York *Herald*—but the comic part goes to the waste basket before the paper reaches me.

This portrait bust of James Russell Lowell has just been completed by Mr. Daniel Chester French and is to be set up in front of Massachusetts Hall, Harvard University. Of course, one cannot get the best idea of the bust from a photographic reproduction. Mr. French's name, however, is a guarantee of good work. In this connection it is interesting to get a glimpse of Mr. French's studio, where the artist will be noticed standing in the background.

Years ago, when I was in daily journalism, "shake-ups" were of common occurrence. We never knew whether we were going to hold our positions for twenty-four hours or twenty-four years. As a matter of fact, a good many of us held them as long as we cared to, sometimes longer than was

good for us; but there was always a degree of uncertainty in the newspaper world. Nowadays, it seems to me, there is quite as much uncertainty in the world of magazines and weeklies. As many changes have taken place in the last five years on the staffs of monthlies and weeklies as used to take place among the daily journals. It was not always so. If a man was with a magazine he generally stayed there, and there you were sure to find him. If you went away for a few years and came back he would be at the same desk. But nowadays you go into a magazine office and hardly see any of the people that you saw there five years ago. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule. It is not true of *Scribner's*; nor of the *Century*, nor of *Harper's*. There, I am happy to say, you will still find the old familiar faces.

But among the other magazines time has brought around strange results. Mr. Wheeler, for instance, who was so long associated with *The Literary Digest*—in fact, he was said to have raised its circulation from 30,000 to 150,000—and who was generally supposed to be a stockholder in the concern and a fixture, if ever a man was, is no longer with that weekly, but has left it and become the proprietor of *Current Literature*, which he is booming from a small to a big circulation. Then there is *Public Opinion*. I don't remember who owned *Public Opinion* when I first knew it, but later it was owned by Mr. H. A. Cuppy, who made a number of changes in it and improved it generally. Then recently it was taken over by the J. M. Hill Company, and now *The Literary Digest* has bought it.

Everybody's Magazine, which was purchased from John Wanamaker, via Doubleday, Page, & Co., by the Ridgway-Thayer Company, has only been with the new concern a few years, and yet Thayer is out. He was bought out to the tune of several hundred thousand dollars, I understand, and has virtually retired from business, leaving part of the price in the magazine, which is paying him big dividends.

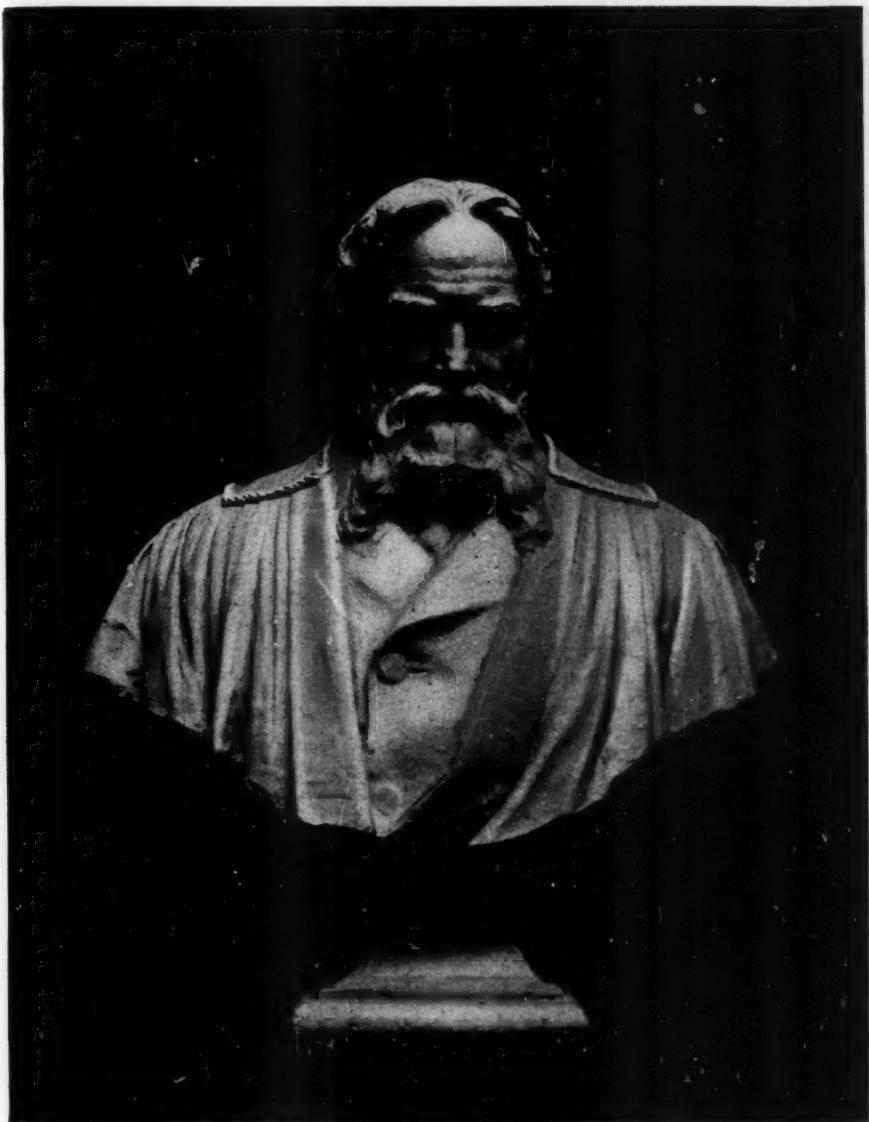


Photo by Van der Weyde

BUST OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.

The Critic

Mr. Burges Johnson, who was with Messrs. Harper & Brothers, tells me that he had just joined the staff of Mr. Ridgway's "militant weekly." Only a year or two before that, Mr. Johnson was with Messrs. Putnam as a literary adviser and manuscript reader.

Another change is with the *Woman's Home Companion*, which has now its editorial headquarters in New York, with Mr. G. W. Hazen, advertising manager of the *Century Magazine*, as the president of the new organization. Then, of course, there is the *Cosmopolitan*, which for years was the pride and joy of Mr. John Brisben Walker, but which, to the astonishment of every one, he disposed of for cash. His more recently founded periodical, the *Twentieth Century Home*, was sold only lately by Mr. Walker and will be published by a new company with the title of "*Home*" left off. The *Twentieth Century*, a monthly magazine, is the revised title, and it will be the size of *Harper's*, the *Century*, *McClure's*, and others. Even Mr. G. H. Daniels's *Four Track News* has changed hands, and will hereafter be known as the *Travel Magazine*. Of editorial changes perhaps the most notable is that already mentioned, which took Mr. Ripley Hitchcock from A. S. Barnes & Co., where he was a partner, to Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Among publishers another exciting change is the withdrawal of Mr. Rector Fox from the firm of Fox, Duffield, & Co., which is now Duffield & Co.

A well-dressed and intelligent-looking lady entered one of our best-known bookstores recently and asked for a copy of "Agnes of Sorrento," remarking, as she did so, that she always gave a copy of this book to her friends when they sailed for Italy. Apparently the lady had never read the book that she gave away, or she would have known that the Sorrento of which Mrs. Stowe wrote was in Maine, not across the water.

A friend who is staying at a popular

summer hotel sends me this program of a Sunday-evening "Song Service" held in the ballroom:

REV. ——— PRESIDING.

ORCHESTRA—Priest's March . . . Mendelssohn

ORCHESTRA—La Bohème [*sic*] . . . Puccini

ORCHESTRA—(a) Adagio . . . Bizet

(b) Sandmarchen . . . Pasternack

HYMN—144 Joy to the world, the Lord has come

HYMN—370 Come, thy [*sic*] Fount of every Blessing

FLUTE SOLO—Good-night, dear child

HYMN—183 All Hail the Power of Jesus name

HYMN—Blest Be the Tie that Binds

PIANO SOLO—Kamenoi Ostrow

HYMN—269 Just as I am without one plea

HYMN—229 A charge to keys [*sic*] I have

ORCHESTRA—William Tell . . . Rosinni [*sic*]

There is no collection. This is a union service for all the guests of the hotel and their friends.

Selections from "La Bohème" played at a Sunday-evening "Song Service" strikes me as rather amusing.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the well-known etcher, has just written his recollections of Sir Henry Irving, which are published in a tiny volume with twelve portraits in color. In the first place Mr. Menpes gives us a picture of Irving in his (Menpes's) studio. He says:

To paint a portrait of Irving with Irving before you, in the ordinary way, in about an hour's sitting, was an absolute impossibility. His face provided very many pictures a minute; the eyebrows moved up and down, altering their position on the faces sometimes by quite an inch.

To be sure, there was the restful, graceful figure, and there were the hands. I could have drawn them; but it was the head I wanted, and that was never at rest. I would begin with the eyes—when drawing Sir Henry I always felt I must begin there; then the brows would draw down with a severe expression; then, he would look straight ahead; then, just as suddenly, the eyebrows would go up, and he would smile—a rare smile, that would make anyone do anything for him.

All the while he was sitting Irving would be telling stories:

All the stories were humorous. His descriptions of friends and colleagues were very fascinating. He would make one wave of his hand in an eccentric, and you saw the figure of the man in question.



MR. DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH IN HIS STUDIO

Photo by Van der Weyde.

The color of his face was gray, "almost slaty"

—his hair iron-gray, and bunched out at the back of the head, the mouth sensitive. His entire coloring—flesh tone and hair—seemed to be a kind of iron-gray. There was scarcely any other hue at all, save that here and there, about the eyes and nostrils, there were touches that had a warmer tone; not the lips. By contrast to this grayness, his eyes seemed to shine out of his face a vivid black. Then, those hands, rather small and delicate, and beautiful in form, yet so obviously the hands of a unique man—they were capable hands, that could not fumble.

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One of the stories that Irving told was about his visit to a Chinese theatre in San Francisco. The English actor thought the Chinese acting "amazingly good," but the audience was apparently not pleased, for its expression was one of disapproval. After the play *Sir Henry*, by invitation, went behind the scenes, where he found the leading actor at his supper:

"Why," Sir Henry asked him, "do you have this joss-house in the theatre?" The man explained that it would be quite impossible for an actor to have his meals at another house. He would have things thrown at his head in the street, and probably be killed. The actor "no could go for walkee, because him velly bad man; all the people say him velly bad man." "But surely," urged Sir Henry, "you yourselves like actors?" "No, no," was the answer; "actor vagabond; we no like; actors velly bad people." Irving, whose identity was unknown to the Chinaman, suggested that the company should go armed, and in London some months afterwards he received a letter from the manager of the troupe to the effect that he had decided to follow that good advice. He would arm his whole company. Would Sir Henry be kind enough to forward him a gross of revolvers?

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A chapter is devoted to Miss Terry's reminiscences of Irving, and in it she expresses her indignation with Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's book on Sir Henry:

"This man boasts of having known Henry intimately for over twenty years; and yet he can write like this. Oh, shame! . . ." Tears were in her eyes, and her voice shook with anger, as the author stated that Irving had posed as being a French scholar. "Irving was a man who never pretended

He was utterly simple. He did not understand French, and never pretended to. If it was necessary in one of his plays to say a few French words, he took infinite pains to learn them, and said them beautifully; but to pose as being a French scholar, when he was not, was impossible to Irving's nature."

Miss Terry describes Sir Henry rehearsing "The Merchant of Venice":

I came to the rehearsal with ideas, with my own conception of the part as it ought to be played, but the moment Irving began I was hypnotized. I could n't budge—I was enthralled. During the first rehearsal Irving read every one's part.

He threw himself so thoroughly into it that his skin contracted and his eyes shone. His lips grew whiter and whiter, and his skin more and more drawn as the time went on, until he looked like a livid thing, but beautiful.

That Sir Henry knew his own limitations Miss Terry is assured:

"How strange it is," he once said to Miss Terry "that I should have made the reputation I have as an actor with nothing to help me—with no equipment. My legs, my voice—everything has been against me." "And all the time," says Miss Terry, "I was looking at that splendid head and those wonderful hands which he was holding out in a despairing gesture towards me, and I thought, 'Ah, you little know!'"

Hamlet she regarded as Irving's finest part:

Hamlet was by far his greatest triumph, and he knew it. It was his finest part because it was the only part that was big enough for him. It was more difficult, and he had more scope in it than in any other. If there had been a finer part in the play than Hamlet, that particular part would have been his finest.

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Mr. John Galsworthy some time ago wrote a book called "The Island Pharisees," which was liked by a few people and neglected by the many. It was published on both sides of the water and made as little impression here as in England. But Mr. Galsworthy was not discouraged. You can see by the expression of his face that he is not a man to lose courage. He has recently written another book called "The Man of Property," and this has proved a success. It is a story of a prosperous middle-class



MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY
(Author of "The Man of Property.")

English people, and is told with such detail and such truth to life that the injudicious are now calling Mr. Galsworthy the modern Thackeray. He is not a modern Thackeray, but he is a clever writer and he is going to be a successful one.

Apropos of Automobiles. Some one—"Arthur Pendenys, perhaps"—has classed people who walk or drive on the roads into two divisions, namely, those who get out of the way and those who don't; or, in other words, the quick and the dead!

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor of THE CRITIC:

ONE of the contributors to the issue of the *Spectator* (London) for June 16th, after speaking of a "crystal clearness of meaning" as characteristic of the French tongue, says that two American authors have translated some of Sainte-Beuve's essays into prose as "Ciceronian in quality as the peculiarities of the American *lingua rusticana* permit."

Accuracy, of course, is even more desirable in translation than a Ciceronian elegance; and with a language of "crystal clearness" it ought to be more easily achieved. Nevertheless, on another page of the same number of the *Spectator* I find a passage from Victor Hugo with a translation appended. Here they are, not copied by myself, but cut from the *Spectator's* pages:

"Les ateliers nationaux sont un expédient fatal. A ceux qui jusqu'alors avaient connu la force généreuse d'un bras qui travaille vous avez ajouté la honteuse puissance de la main tendue. Nous connaissons déjà le désœuvré de l'opulence. Vous avez créé le désœuvré de la misère cent fois plus dangereux pour lui-même et pour autres."

Translation:

"The national workshops are a fatal expedient. For the generous strength of the arm which labours you have substituted the shameful power of the hand which begs. We have already the unemployment of riches. You have created the unemployment of poverty, a hundred times more dangerous to itself and to others."

Do you think it likely that THE CRITIC, or that any other reputable periodical printed in our *lingua rusti-*

cana, would permit such a travesty of a bit of "crystal clearness" to adorn its pages as here appears in what I venture to call the *lingua cockneiana*?

Yours, etc.,

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

To the Editor of THE CRITIC:

Will you allow me to say that in THE CRITIC, May, 1906, "New Books and Their Authors," in *re* M. Jean Jaurès's challenge to M. Aufray to a duel, you err in saying that Disraeli challenged O'Connell to a duel. In MacDonagh's "Life of O'Connell" (Cassell & Co.) we find in the chapter entitled "In Alliance with the Whigs":

"Hardly had the Alvanley affair [meaning the duel between Lord Alvanley and Morgan O'Connell—O'Connell's second son] been disposed of, when O'Connell was in conflict with Benjamin Disraeli. Disraeli had made in a speech a bitter attack on O'Connell, and O'Connell in a reply had compared Disraeli to the impenitent thief. Disraeli demanded not of O'Connell, but of his son Morgan, that solace for wounded feeling which the duel affords. Morgan O'Connell, however, had no intention of making himself a target for the pistol-shot of every one who might consider himself insulted by his father, and very properly refused to have the quarrel thrust upon him."

Besides that, Disraeli was not at that time Prime Minister of England.

Apologizing for troubling you,

Yours, etc.,

J. P. O'DONNELL.



Idle Notes

By AN IDLE READER

TURNING over the heap of books on my table I chuckled delightedly to find cheek to cheek in one friendly heap, "Editorials from the Hearst Newspapers," "Days with Walt

Whitman," by Edward Carpenter, and A. C. Benson's study of Walter Pater in the "English Men of Letters" series. Antic fate never arranged a more striking contrast, a more humorous juxtaposition, among books. To any reader who likes strange mental sensations I recommend the reading of these volumes in quick succession. The points of view involved in a sympathetic examination of the three are so widely separated that merely to read the books is a breath-taking performance and makes one feel oneself a mental acrobat of exceptional ability.

Why, do you ask, should any one with any kind of a mind whatsoever read editorials from the Hearst newspapers? A prefatory note modestly explains that they may have interest for the student of modern conditions because the several newspapers publishing them simultaneously have a large aggregate circulation and "are read each day by no fewer than five millions of men and women."

If it followed that any such number of readers fed daily upon the intellectual diet contained in the volume of "Editorials," the latter would indeed be matters of import to the sociological student. But even the readers of the *Boston Transcript* and *New York Evening Post* sometimes pass editorials by, and in the class who buy and read the yellow journals the proportion of those who imbibe editorials of any description must indeed be low. *

The kind of editorial furnished them is made up of hoary and mostly respectable platitudes put into easy

words and adorned with many capitals and italics. It might be called the exploitation of axiom, the apotheosis of twaddle—yet this is hardly a fair description of it. It is even touchingly sincere in spots, as if the writer or writers had said, "There are people to whom platitudes are absolute novelities. Let us put ourselves in their places and try to set forth the utterly obvious as if it were fresh and vital truth."

I decline to pass upon the results of this effort. I dare say it is all right. It may have great moral value. There may be readers who hunger and thirst after such reading-matter as "The Cow that Kicks her weaned Calf is All Heart"; readers who are profoundly softened, impressed, educated, guided by these articles. I confess I think better of the human mind in however humble an estate than really to believe this, but, as I say, it may be so.

I remember when I was seven I compiled from the columns of *Demorest's Magazine* (the *Ladies' Home Journal* of that era) a little book of clippings which contained complete instructions for the culinary, social, and sartorial salvation of some worthy family cast away on a desert island and deprived of the benefit of their neighbors' example. I confidently expected to find the worthy family and bestow on them this priceless volume of advice. But, somehow, I never did. I suspect these laboriously instructive editorials are going to miss their audience in the same way.

But, if I had to choose between being the kind of mind that is impressed by Edward Carpenter's essay on "Whitman as Prophet" and the kind that is impressed by Hearst editorials, I would choose the later as the saner type.

Curious, is n't it, that when Whitman

* The Idle Reader is wrong. The Hearst editorials are more widely read than the news columns of the Hearst newspapers. Eds.

really was a great poet there should be such a tendency among his disciples to show themselves sooner or later as either asinine or abnormal? It must be, I suppose, because his disciples (I do not mean his admirers) are chiefly made up of the weak. These are drawn by his forcefulness as by a magnet and, of all that he has to offer, they take up and exploit only the doctrine of universal egotism, because they need it to eke out their puny personalities. "The bravest is the tenderest" is a sentiment that does not seem to appeal to the professed Whitmaniac any more than to the disciples of Nietzsche. If men only realized what a confession of weakness self-assertion is! Whitman himself offset the Ego by the "En-Masse," but there seem to be quantities of bony little shrimps among his followers who have quite lost sight of his democracy.

But this is not telling about Carpenter's book. It is made up of various articles published at different times and embodying different points of view. There are accounts of a couple of visits made to Whitman, one in 1877 and one in 1884, and several appreciative essays. Regarded as criticism, the latter seem somewhat thin and superficial, while the personal impressions of Whitman are equally unsatisfactory from the psychological standpoint. Carpenter speaks, as does every one, of the poet's simplicity and benignity of manner and dignity of personal appearance in his later years; he touches upon Whitman's "immense, moody, emotional temperament," and strives to set forth a strong impression he received of "cussedness,"—that is, of obstinacy, wilfulness, withdrawal, of something very hard and tenacious, quite at variance with his more obvious, kindly human side.

In the essay on "Whitman as Prophet" Carpenter cheerfully suggests his comparison in that quality to "Buddha, Jesus of Nazareth, St. Francis, and the Syrian Báb," and finds him among them "unique in the realization of the world-wide and universal

character of his message." The reader smiles here, as he smiles again over the writer's unsuccessful attempt to reconcile Whitman's doctrine of egotism and his doctrine of democracy. Perhaps what one misses most in the book is any evidence that the author saw and felt Whitman as a poet—and that is, after all, and in spite of the Whitman Society, the ground upon which a poet must stand for judgment.

We are all human beings before we are critics or litterateurs. Had there been valuable human qualities in either of the volumes Benson's "Walter Pater." just considered I am sure I could not have turned from them with such immense, such exquisite relief, to A. C. Benson's "Walter Pater." Possibly the book is not a perfect piece either of biography or criticism, yet certainly it is so sincere, so finely and conscientiously conceived, so charmingly expressed; it breathes such a spirit of appreciation, it involves so many points of view, it has so much subtlety, distinction, and grace of its own that to be anything less than delighted with it would be to argue oneself a dullard in the things of the mind and the spirit. Hardly since I first read "Marius the Epicurean" nearly twenty years ago has any book given me so much of the same kind of delight. The biographer has entered so thoroughly into the spirit of his work that he writes of Pater with almost Pater's own felicity.

Pater's was a life marked by few external events, and, though fond of social intercourse, he revealed little of himself in conversation. This leaves his biographer to trace the working and progress of his mind from his writings—an attempt in which he is singularly successful. I cannot follow him here. You must go to Mr. Benson for a competent account of the flowering of this exquisite mind that hungered for beauty no less than for a clear philosophy, and early set itself to discover a region where the two "might unite in a high, impassioned mood of sustained intellectual emotion."

The reader will differ with Mr. Ben-

son just enough to give himself a certain pleasure in preferring his own view-points. Mr. Benson is, for instance, very much afraid of anything that seems to him to approach the decadent, the *macabre*, as indeed, was Pater himself. Mr. Benson thinks Pater quite right in shunning even an undeserved imputation of these things, and, apparently, approves of his withdrawal of the essay on "Æsthetic Poetry," which had been criticised. He cites, as "a veritable *fleur du mal*," a passage which runs:

"He [Morris] has diffused through 'King Arthur's tomb' the maddening white glare of the sun and tyranny of the moon, not tender and far off, but close down—the sorcerer's moon, large and feverish. The coloring is intricate and delirious as of 'scarlet-lilies.' The influence of summer is like a poison in one's blood, with a sudden, bewildering sickening of life and of all things."

Mr. Benson says that Pater

"with his strong instinct for restraint and austerity of expression probably felt that he was thus setting a perilous example of over-sensuous imagery and an exotic lusciousness of thought."

If this is a "*fleur du mal*" would they might blossom in our literature thick as leaves in Vallombrosa! To me it seems only very acute and penetrating description, richly worded because rich words were demanded by the subject-matter. And here again we touch upon a point where the

biographer seems to me to throw most stress upon the lesser of the two elements that count for so much in the joy Pater gives his readers. He speaks again and again of the studied richness of Pater's style, its gorgeous embroidery, its restrained ornateness, almost as if it were chiefly the beauty of his style that gave his unique distinction.

Now, exquisite as that style is, its beauty is never sundered from a more beautiful perceptiveness. Swinburne also enriched the English language and embroidered it, but in Swinburne the words are merely beautiful; we never stop to ask if they are just, delicate, precise, if they are *the* words. To me the wonder of Pater has always been his penetration; he found adequate

and exquisite expression for a thousand impressions, sensations, that exist confusedly in our own minds, never rising to the dignity of clear thoughts; he puts these things into phrases that resound in consciousness like the tones of a bell. They wake you to higher intellectual apprehensions as blithely as the chimes of his Oxford wake you to a new morning. Phrases of Pater in which he gets at the Thing Itself, the very inner essence of one's vague impression, are still, after these twenty years, ringing joyously in my brain as they rang the day I read them first. So, to me, Pater will always stand for insight, lucidity, raised to its highest power.

Yet Mr. Benson feels this, too, and speaks of it, though less emphatically than of the beauty of his wordings. And it is ungracious to differ, even so slightly, with one who has performed a difficult task so well and given thereby so much pleasure. I wish there were space to retrace here his sketch of the writer's personal characteristics. The book is, simply, one which no reader of Pater can afford to miss.

Delicately evasive of responsibility is the publisher's note affixed to "Super-Success and Seded," a little story of two teachers in a London school for girls. Says the note: "Miss Sinclair has expressed a desire to have this book republished in America because she considers it the best of her work previous to 'The Divine Fire.'"

The tale is pathetic, and conscientiously done, good of its kind, but entirely unremarkable and showing no promise of the sustained power, the kind of cosmic patience with her characters, that contributed to the success of the author's later, greater piece of work. That patience, that power, are the best possible guarantees of Miss Sinclair's future as a novelist. She is emphatically not a short-story writer, not even a writer of novelettes. She is one of one few women-novelists whose strength is sufficient for the long pull, the strong pull, that is absolutely essential to creative work on a large scale. True, one wished sometimes to hasten the action of

"The Divine Fire." I remember being desirous as I read to reach the point where I knew I was going to be more absorbed than I found myself in the first third of the book, but I recognized the wish as unworthy since it was perfectly clear from the beginning that the volume was extremely well worth while, and that complete absorption in it was only a matter of time and perseverance.

Mr. Winston Churchill has turned from the history of the past to history in the making. "Coniston," **A Sign of the Times** is not a campaign document, but it gains vastly in interest from the fact that the author is a candidate for Governor in his State, his candidacy being part of an effort to free the State from railroad control.

"Coniston" is a novel of New England country life, and it is also a study of Jacksonian democracy, the rise of the professional politician, the evolution of the "boss." In either aspect it is an able book, but I accuse its writer of being more interested in its political than in its romantic aspects. For myself, I found it very hard to keep my eye on the heroine, her lovable father, or her unimportant lover, when Jethro Bass, the tanner's son and the

advance agent of the era of graft, was anywhere in sight. Jethro is pathetically human, and very sympathetically studied. Somehow one acquits him of the responsibility for his evil deeds, which were many, and their far-reaching results. He debauched the politics of a State, but then—he loved and hated well! The half-tender feeling one has for him shows the concessions that Mr. Churchill, political reformer, has made to Mr. Churchill, novelist and student of human nature and history. The latter is in the lead—as he should be. I am not sure I approve the union of the two, for "Coniston" is a lesser novel than "The Crossing," but it is sincere, and its moral, which cannot be too often repeated in these days, is found in the final paragraph of the author's Afterword:

"The duty rests to-day, more heavily than ever, upon each American citizen to make good to the world those principles upon which his government was built. To use a figure suggested by a calamity which has lately befallen one of the most beloved of our cities, there is a theory that earthquakes are caused by a necessary movement on the part of the earth to regain its axis. Whether or not the theory be true, it has its political application. In America to-day we are trying, whatever the cost, to regain the true axis established for us by the founders of our Republic."



A Japanese Thoreau of the Twelfth Century

By MINAKATA KUMAGUSU* and F. VICTOR DICKENS

NOTES FROM A JŌ-SQUARE HUT† BY KAMONO CHOMEI

WHAT is so hateful in this life of ours is its vanity and triviality, both with regard to ourselves and our dwellings. According to our position so are our troubles, countless in any case. A low man under high protection may have his moments of delight, but not an abiding happiness. For he must restrain his tears when in distress, his natural emotions must be kept down, he is always uneasy as to promotion or disgrace; standing or sitting subject to alarms, he is like a sparrow that finds itself close to a hawk's nest.

If a poor man lives next door to a rich one he is oppressed with shame at his shabby appearance, and tempted to flatter and cringe before his neighbor. He is never quite at ease; as he looks upon his wife and children and servants he envies his wealthy neighbor of whose contempt for him he gets wind. Should he live in a crowded quarter he can scarcely escape if a fire break out; is his house situate in a remote district, it is hard to get at and the ways are infested by thieves. The great man grows avaricious, the solitary man is disliked by the world. Wealth, too, brings cares from which the poor man is free. To depend on the protection of another man is to be his slave; to protect other folk is to be the slave of your own emotions. To follow the world is a hardship to oneself, to disregard it is to be counted a madman. Where or how shall we find peace even for a moment, and afford our heart refreshment even for a single second?‡

For many years I lived in the house of my paternal grandmother. When that relation was interrupted by death, my health suffered, and I could no

longer remain there. Just over thirty, I built myself a house to suit my own ideas, one-tenth of the size of my former home. It contained one room, in fact, it was hardly a house at all. It had a kind of wall, but a gate I could not afford. The uprights were bamboos, the construction was like a shed for vehicles. When the snow fell or the wind blew it was scarcely safe. It was close to the river-bed, in the way of floods and handy for thieves. There I passed my time reflecting on this world of nothingness. Twenty years and more thus slipped by, during which I surveyed the vicissitudes of my wretched life in relation to events around me. Attaining my fiftieth spring, I left my house and turned my back on the world. As I had never wife or child there was nothing to hinder me. I was no official, I had no emoluments. What interest had I in the world? And so I lay idly five more springs and autumns amid the clouds of Mount Ohara.

When the sixtieth year of my life, now vanishing as a dewdrop, approached, anew I made me an abode, a sort of last leaf, as it were, just as a traveller might run himself up a shelter for a single night, or a decrepit silkworm weave its last cocoon. This compared with the dwelling I had in my middle period was less than one hundredth of its size; as I wax in years my lodging wanes in space. It is not an ordinary sort of hut I live in. It measures only ten feet square, and is under seven feet in height. As I had no fancy for any particular place I did not fasten it to the ground. I prepared a foundation, and on it raised a framework which I roofed over with thatch, clamping the parts with crooks so that I might remove it easily if ever the whim took me to dislike the locality. The labor of removing, how slight it would be—a couple of carts would suffice to carry the whole of the mate-

*My friend Mr. Minakata is the most erudite Japanese I have met with—equally learned in the science and literature of the East and the West. He has frequently contributed to our foremost periodicals. He now lives near the town of Wakayama in Kishiu. The translation has been remade by myself upon the basis of that of Mr. Minakata.—F. VICTOR DICKENS.

†A 40-foot square hut.

‡The characters seem to mean "while a pearl tinkles" (as part of a beaded or chain).

rials, and the expense of their hire would be that of the whole building.

Now since I hid me in the recesses of Mount Hine the manner of my abode is this: To the south juts out a movable sun-screen with a matting of split bamboos, bound together parallel-wise. Westwards a small shrine with a Buddhist shelf and a picture of Amida so placed that the space between the eyebrows shines in the rays of the setting sun. Before the curtain-doors of the shrine are fixed the figures of Fugen and Fudō. Above the paper-paned sliding doors of the north side runs a small shelf, on which stand three or four black leather boxes containing collections of Japanese poetry, books on music, and such works as the *Wō-jōyō shū* (book on Buddhist Paradise). Besides these is a *sō* (sort of koto or flat harp with thirteen strings) on one side and a *biwa* (lute) on the other side—what are known as bent harp and jointed lute. Along the east side are spread large bundles of bracken fern which, with bundles of straw, make me a couch. There is a window opening in the east wall with a writing-desk. Near the head of the couch is a brazier to burn faggots in. North of the hut is a small garden surrounded by a low hedge of wattled branches. Here I grow some medicinal herbs. Such is the fashion of my temporary cabin.

To describe the situation I must tell you that to the south is a bamboo pipe and a reservoir made of piled-up stones. A copse stands close by the eaves, so that firewood is not far to fetch. The name of the place is Toyama. All traces of man are hidden by the coils of masaki [*Euonymus japonica*]. The valley is thickly wooded, but open to the west, so that the place is not unfitted for philosophic meditation. In the spring I can gaze upon the festoons of the wistaria, fine to see as purple clouds. When the west wind blows fragrant with its scent the note of the *hototogisu* is heard as if to guide me towards the Shide* hill; in autumn the shrill song of the cicada fills my ears, sounding like a regret for his

cast-off moult, or maybe a complaint of this mortal world; in winter I watch the snowdrifts pile and vanish and am led to reflect upon the ever waxing and waning volume of the world's sinfulness.

When I get tired of reciting prayers or of reading the Scriptures I can rest at will; no one is by to prevent me, no friend to reproach me. I have made no vow of silence, but my lonely life stops my lips' play. I do not need to trouble myself about the strict observance of the commandments, for living as I do in complete solitude how should I be tempted to break them? When I bend my steps towards the white waves of the stream I watch the morning boats cleaving the flood in their passage to and fro across the river and recall to mind the beautiful verse of the acolyte Mansei [a poet of the 8th century]. At eventide, when I hear the rustle of the laurel leaves under the breeze, my fancy carries my thoughts to the waters of Jinyo, and I touch my lute in the manner of Gentoku [the founder of the Katsura school of lutists]. When my spirits are exuberant and my imagination active, I liken the music the wind makes among the pine groves to the melody known as the Winds of Autumn, or the murmur of running waters to the air of the Flowing Fount. I have no skill in the arts of song or music, but I do not strive to please other men's ears; 'tis but to nourish my own mind that in my solitude I play and sing.

At the bottom of my hill stands another cabin, made of wattled bush-work. There the hill-ward dwells. He has a son, a youth who sometimes comes to see me, and we ramble about together. He is sixteen, and I am sixty, yet we enjoy each other's company despite the difference in years. Sometimes we gather tsubana shoots, or the berries of the iwanashi [rock-pear], the bud-like bulbs of the yam, or the leaves of the seri. Sometimes we roam among the tanks for the paddy-fields that lie around the foot of the hill to pick up fallen rice-tufts to make hogumi of [a kind of coarse matting]. On sunshiny

* A hill in Hades crossed by souls on their way to Paradise or Hell.

days we climb the peak of my hill, and I gaze upon the distant skies that loom over my old home, over Kowada's hill, Fushimi's town, over Toba and Hatsukashi. No owner claims any rights here, so I am in full possession of my pleasure.

When the fancy takes me to look further afield I need not undergo the labor of walking. I follow the line of hill-tops, cross Sumiyama and Kasatori, and pray at Iwana's shrine or bow before that of Ishima, or force my way amid the jungles of Awazu, not forgetting to do honor to the monuments of the old sage Semimaru—without moving a step. Or I cross Tanokami's stream and seek out the tomb of Sarumaru; on the way home, according to the year's time, we gather cherry sprays in full blossom, or ruddy-leaved autumn maple, or collect fern fronds, or pick up fallen nuts; and some of these treasures I humbly present to Amida, and some I keep for presents.

On tranquil nights I gaze upon the moon's orb shining in through my window, and think of the great figures of the men of old, or am moved to tears that drench my sleeves by the mournful cries of the monkeys in the neighboring thickets. I note the fire-flies in the jungle, and seem to see the flares of far-off Makijima,* while the patter of rain at daybreak reminds me of the rattle of a storm amid the leaves of the woods. The horohoro of the copper pheasant makes me wonder whether 't is my father or my mother that crieth, and the tameness of the deer that roam under the peak tells me how far removed I am from the world of men.

On cold nights I often sti up the ashes of my brazier to renew the embers, the comfort of an old man just waking from a nap. My wild hill is no dreadful place, but the melancholy hootings of the owls give it one of the characteristics of hilly tracts, whereof the aspects are so various, giving rise to many reflections in the minds of learned and thoughtful men.

When I first came to this place I did not intend to stay long, but now I have

dwelt here these five years. My cabin has weathered with the course of time, the eaves are loaded with dead leaves, the ground it stands on is green with moss. From time to time news of what takes place in City-Royal reaches me in my solitude, and I hear continually of the deaths of persons of importance; of smaller men who disappear the roll is endless. I hear, too, of houses burnt down in numbers, but my humble cabin remains a safe shelter for me. 'T is cramped, indeed, but it has a bed for me to sleep on at night, and a mat to sit on during the day, so I have no reason to be discontented. The hermit-crab is satisfied with a narrow shell for its home, which shows that it knows its own nature; the osprey dwells on high crags because it fears man. So is ~~it~~ with me. A man who knows himself and also the world he lives in has nothing to ask for, no society to long for; he aims only at a quiet life, and makes his happiness in freedom from annoyance. But those who live in the world, what do they? They build mansions, but not for their own pleasure; 't is for their wives and families, for their relatives and friends, for their masters or teachers, or to store their property, or to house cattle and horses. Now, I have built my cabin for myself, not for any other man. And why have I done so? As the world now goes, I find no congenial minds in it, not even a servant to trust to. What profit then were a larger home to me? Whom should I invite to it? Whom could I take into it to serve me? One usually seeks the friendship of rich men, and thinks most of public personages. Men of good hearts and honest souls are not sought after. More wisely, I make friends of lutes and flutes. One who serves another is apt to be always thinking of rewards and punishments; he hankers after favors, and is not content with mere good treatment and kindness and the peace that ensueth. To me, then, it seems better to be one's own master and one's own servant. If there is something to be done I prefer to use my own body to do it. This may be bothersome, but easier than to see that

* Of the fishing-boats by the island of Maki.

other folk do it for you. If I have to walk, I walk; it means some toil, but less than that of looking after horses or carriages. In one body I possess two servants: my hands do what I want, and my feet bear me where I would go—both serve me just as I desire them. Again, my mind knows exactly what the body has to endure, so it lets it rest when tired, and does not task it save when fresh and vigorous. And when it does use the body it does not abuse it, nor would the mind be put out by the body being sometimes in a dull mood. And besides, plenty of exercise and plenty of work are good for the body; too much idleness is bad for the body. In addition, to impose a burden upon another man, to constrain his will, is a sinful thing—we have no right to take possession of another's powers.

About my clothing and food I have something to say. Wistaria cloth and hempen fabrics are enough to hide my nakedness, sprouts of Imperata grass and nuts picked up on the hills suffice to sustain my body. As I don't live in the world, I need not care about my appearance; in the absence of luxuries even coarse fare is sweet. I do not address these observations to wealthy folk, I merely compare my former way of life with my present one. Since I got quit of society and forsook the world I know nothing of envy or fear. I commit my life to the care of Heaven, without regret and without anxiety. I liken my body to a cloud in the sky; I neither put my trust in it nor despise it. All the joy of my existence is concentrated around the pillow which giveth me nightly rest, all the hope of my days I find in the beauties of nature that ever please my eyes.

Now the three realms of existence—past, present, and future—depend on the soul only. If the soul is ill at ease, of what profit are cattle and horses and the seven treasures? Palaces and mansions and stately towers give no pleasure. On the other hand, in this solitary cabin I know the fullest joy. When I chance to go to City-Royal I may feel some shame on account of my beggarly appearance, yet when I come

back to my hut I feel nothing but pity for the men who squirm amid the dusts of the common world. If any one doubt me, I beg him to consider how birds and fishes do pass their lives. Do fishes ever tire of the simple water they dwell in? As we are not fish we cannot say. Do not birds always long for their woods and copses? Again, as we are not birds we cannot tell. So it is with those who choose the life of a recluse—only those who do choose it can know its joys.

To resume. My life is now like the declining moon approaching the edge of the hill which is to hide it. Ere long I must face the three realms of darkness. What deeds in the past shall I have to plead for there? What the Buddha has taught to men is this—Thou shalt not cleave to any of the things of this world. So 'tis a sin even to grow fond of this straw-thatched cabin, and to find happiness in this life of peace is a hindrance to salvation. Why, then, should I let the days be filled with the vanity of exultation in an empty joy?

In the peace of daybreak I once meditated upon this doctrine, and this is the question I asked myself: "You have fled from the world to live the life of a recluse amid the wild woods and hills, thus to bring peace to your soul and walk in the way of the Buddha. You have the appearance of a saint, but your soul is full of turbidities. Your cabin is a slur on the memory of the habitation of Jōmyō Kōji: in virtue you are below even Shuri Handoku.* Is your degradation the result of your poverty and mean condition, your inheritance from a previous existence, or have your trains of thought destroyed your mind?" What answer could my soul give? None. I could but move my tongue as it were mechanically, and twice or thrice repeat involuntarily the Buddha's holy name. I could do no more.

Written on the last day of the yayoi month of the 2 Kenryaku (May 1st, 1185) by the Somon Ren-in in his cabin on Toyama.

* Shuri Handoku was the most foolish of all the disciples of Buddha. He forgot not only his family name, but even his own personal name.

Reminiscences of a Franco-American

No. II—Arvède Barine

By JEANNE MAIRET (Mme. Charles Bigot)

WE were a number of women gathered about a cheerful fireside. Our hostess, as gracious as she was beautiful, had shown her artistic temperament in the decoration of her salon, with the deliciously faded tapestries on the walls, the few rare pictures, the richly-mellowed old Dutch furniture. She was also a woman of literary tastes, and the conversation was of books and writers.

In our feminine assembly there was one man only, a man thoroughly at ease in women's society, accustomed to women's admiration and homage. This was M. Caro, the philosopher, whom Pailleron had cruelly caricatured as the philosopher Bellac, in his clever play, "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie." M. Caro was a very handsome man, with clean-cut features, white hair and side whiskers. He was lay confessor to many a pretty woman, and his lectures at the Collège de France were so crowded that it was difficult to find a seat. To a neophyte who asked what kind of dress would be appropriate, he answered: "Sealskin jacket and stylish hat." He was an authority on all feminine matters, even on that of clothes.

The subject discussed that afternoon was a new writer, or at least a writer somewhat obscure till then, Arvède Barine, whose essay on Mrs. Carlyle, entitled "La Femme d'un grand Homme," published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was making a great stir in the reading world.

M. Caro said, after his somewhat dogmatic fashion:

"This M. Barine is a singularly clever man; while his logic is admirable, his style is as supple as it is strong."

I, very timidly:

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur Caro, but Arvède Barine is a woman."

The great man turned his cold eyes

on me with undisguised displeasure. To be contradicted by a woman—by a woman who was not even fashionable! It was not to be endured.

"Permit me, Madame, to differ from you. I am somewhat of an authority on feminine literature."

"It is bold of me to contradict you, Monsieur, but Mme. Charles Vincens, who signs Arvède Barine, and has written under that name for a number of years, is a valued friend of mine."

M. Caro was forced to bow, but he never quite forgave me for being right.

M. Caro's mistake was a natural one and was shared by many other good judges. For years, Mme. Vincens received letters addressed to M. Arvède Barine. Her very great talent partakes of the masculine characteristics quite as much as of the feminine. No essays were ever, more than hers, solidly built, logically deducted, and powerfully carried out. The serene, clear intelligence, the understanding of worlds widely separated, of personalities as different as those of Mrs. Carlyle and Saint Theresa, as those of Edgar Poe and Hélène Massalka, as de Quincey and Saint Francis of Assisi, showed a grasp of mind rare in either sex, especially perhaps in her own.

The greatest of all Arvède Barine's gifts is that of life. Her men and women move and speak, weep and laugh, hate and love, with an intensity of life which makes of them real beings of flesh and blood, whom we see and hear, and whom we never forget. She can take a common story, that of a repulsive Jew philosopher, whose great learning never taught him to wash his face or change his linen; that of a British soldier, who followed the fortunes of his regiment almost as a dog follows its master; treating them with as much care as her great ladies and historic personages.

Where Arvède Barine is unsurpassed

is when she portrays feminine nature. No man, however subtle, however clear-sighted, could have written her study of Mrs. Carlyle, or that on Goethe's mother—a masterpiece of tender, smiling, pitying psychology; none could have so delicately dissected the shallow soul of that charming product of the Slav race, Hélène Massalka; none either could have entered into the mystic depths of Saint Theresa's exquisite nature as did Arvède Barine. Yet, to quote Mme. Vincens's own words to me: "I am not a Protestant; I am a Huguenot." To look with Huguenot eyes into the heart of such a saint and to do justice to her subject, shows a singular breadth of intelligence.

Mme. Vincens was twenty-one or two, the mother of a baby boy, when ruin came suddenly to her husband and to herself. They were living in La Rochelle, where she had grown up, in comfort, if not in luxury.

In story-books, ruin, absolute poverty, the ghastly spectre of possible want, may be very picturesque and interesting. In real life, the situation is a terrible one. Poverty needs an apprenticeship, as do all things, and these young people knew nothing of the practical side of life. M. Vincens was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, but he had never thought of utilizing his learning. His wife, who must always have shown remarkable intelligence, had nevertheless received merely the ordinary education allotted to young ladies, something like forty years ago—that is, almost nothing.

The first thing to do when ruin overtakes people who have been rich, is to seek some new field—by preference, a large city; to cut loose from old associations, old ties, from the comparison of what is with what has been. M. and Mme. Vincens went to Paris, where some friends were willing to help them. They took a tiny lodging quite at the top of an old house, and the quest for occupation began. Before very long, M. Vincens obtained a modest—a very modest—place in some public administration. If the daily

bread were thus secured, it was yet very dry bread indeed.

Then Mme. Vincens made up her mind. She had a ready pen and would learn to make use of it. For this, she must begin at the beginning, educate herself, train what talent she might possess. A friend guided her, an admirable friend, a rare man, M. Eugène Yung, founder of the *Revue Politique et Littéraire*, since better known under the name of *Revue Bleue*. The first idea was that Mme. Vincens might attempt some translations; but her knowledge of foreign languages was very limited. She felt convinced that the first step was to master Greek and Latin; with these as basis, the modern languages could be acquired with greater rapidity and precision. So this young wife, this mother of a growing and exacting baby, became her husband's pupil. She would put her Latin grammar on the table as she washed the dishes, by the stove as she cooked the dinner, take it out in the parks where the boy played. Never discouraged, always cheerful, with her keen intelligence quiveringly alive, she made astounding progress. No prouder master ever boasted of an abler pupil.

Then, in order to take the bull by the horns and begin with the most difficult of the tasks she had set herself, Mme. Vincens grappled with Russian. Her first attempts were in the translation of some Russian authors. Her pseudonym, Barine, bears witness of this her first work. After Russian came German, English, Italian, Spanish, all of which Mme. Vincens reads with perfect facility; the speaking of foreign tongues is less easy to her.

Yet another man held out to the new writer a friendly, helping hand: this was M. E. Tallichet, director of the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse*, founded more than a hundred years ago, that had counted among its contributors such men as Sainte-Beuve and Vinet, and in our days Cherbuliez, Edouard Rod, and others. M. Tallichet is a gentleman of the old school, courteous, precise, and methodical, very intelligent, and most faithful in

his friendships. He was one of the very first to distinguish the great value of the future essayist and generously opened his columns to her.

When one compares these early ventures which appeared in the *Bibliothèque* and the *Revue Bleue* with Arvède Barine's later works, one stands amazed at what can be accomplished by indomitable will, by hard work, by great patience. And it is not toward others that it is most difficult to show patience; it is toward one's self. It was fully ten years, more perhaps, after Arvède Barine began to write, after her pseudonym had become somewhat familiar to the French reading public, that her style, a little stiff and formal, became what it now is: a marvel of supple grace, of clearness, of purity, of simplicity, of rhythmical charm.

The first wide-spread recognition of the new writer's great talent was in 1884, when "La Femme d'un grand Homme" appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the publication of which caused M. Caro to turn his cold blue eyes on me with such absolute disapprobation.

Since then, fame, honors, fortune have come thick and fast. The directors of all the great reviews wait on the writer's pleasure; so do the publishers. The list of her books is now a long one. *Portraits de Femmes, Princesses et grandes Dames, Bourgeois et Gens de peu, Les Névrosés, Saint François d'Assisi*, and a very complete history of the Grande Mademoiselle are only a few of the works which, as time goes on, are included among the modern French classics. The days are now in the dim past when it was a triumph, an unheard-of joy, to scrape up money enough to hire a piano—the very first luxury indulged in by the music-loving couple. The French Academy awarded, unsolicited (which is a rare thing), the Botta prize to Arvède Barine. For more than a year past, the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor is seen on her breast. Never was dream of glory more fully realized; never was success more absolutely deserved.

Arvède Barine is a critic, but she is

also, and more especially, an essayist, a moralist, a psychologist. She is never in a hurry to take up her pen, but lives with the subject she has chosen, looks at it from every side, coaxes it, scolds it, enters into its most absolute intimacy; then, and then only, she begins to write.

It is evident that, for example, Mrs. Carlyle had become her companion, her friend, her confidante. She knew the sound of the English woman's voice, the charm of that clear, joyous laugh for which Jane Welsh was noted, and in which, during her austere married life, Jane Carlyle had little occasion to indulge. She studied the grim, gréat man, with his unconscious but ferocious egotism, and pitied the "little lark," as Carlyle himself called his wife, that it should have been shut up in such a cage. She, like ourselves, wondered that such a man should have attracted such a woman. Here is her answer to the problem:

Carlyle had other means, besides the admiration he excited, of touching a pitying and tender woman's heart: he was unhappy—unhappy with what intensity, what bitterness, only those who have known hypochondriacs can understand. He took a sombre pleasure in painting, and painting over again, without rest or truce, his own subtle and acute sufferings, until his head reeled and his reason tottered. The world, to him, was confusion and perversity, life a great and cruel tragedy; he was himself the prey of a demon that possessed him and made him do and say things to which his will did not consent. Nervous, bilious, always infuriated against some thing or some one, the petty trials of life became tortures. Called to the bedside of his dying wife, he was so upset at having to pack his trunk, that ten years later, long after his wife had died, he shuddered at the thought of that trunk! If he was insupportable to others, he made himself still more insupportable to himself. The loving heart of Mrs. Carlyle was moved to compassion.

Carlyle came of peasant stock; he had always seen the women of his family toil and work; why should not his wife do likewise?

"She did all the work of the house, cooked, washed, swept; was, on occasion, tailor, shoemaker, baker, and performed all these menial offices with quiet grace. She received importunate

visitors, discussed business, and even ordered her husband's trousers—to the great scandal of the tailor. With it all, she kept her cheerful spirit and her native distinction. In spite of health ruined by her hard life, she was still the 'little lark' of her first married days."

Arvède Barine is right: to be the wife of a genius—of such a genius—was no sinecure.

In the volume entitled "*Bourgeois et Gens de Peu*," there is a portrait of Goethe's mother which is a pure gem. One can see, as in some Dutch picture, the old Frankfort house where Goethe was born, with its rather dark, raftered rooms, its broad stairs and the nook where the sunny-tempered mother told such lovely stories to her children. Madame Aia, as she called herself, was too keen-sighted not to guess that her brilliant son would inevitably break away from her, unless she herself loosened the bonds. From afar, she followed the career of the young poet at the court of Weimar, and wrote letters to him that it is still a delight to read. The mother of the duke became very fond of Mme. Aia and the duke himself went to see her, making himself most agreeable and fascinating. In those days, the old house in Frankfort received many distinguished guests besides the dowager duchess. Foreigners, also, called on Goethe's mother:

None could escape Mme. de Staël. The story goes that she presented herself before Mme. Goethe in an azure turban, a branch of laurel in her hand, and followed by her court, of which Benjamin Constant took the lead.

Goethe, when he grew to be famous, sadly neglected his charming, cheerful, bright-eyed little mother. She still wrote to him, defended him, excused him, even when he remained seven years without going to see her. Women are so made: whom they love cannot do wrong. Goethe grieved when his mother died, no doubt, but his grief was not without a certain philosophy.

Arvède Barine loves the picturesque and the beautiful; she has an eye for

color and form. She has travelled, looking eagerly at all that was new and strange about her. In her essays we find many proofs of this.

The article entitled *Gueux d'Espagne* takes us into the very heart of seventeenth-century Spain. "Lazarillo de Tormes," whose author is not surely known, is written in the form of an autobiography. It is a story of hunger; hunger among thieves and beggars, hunger among the nobly born—always hunger.

Bread was the object of the nation's adoration, the goal of all ambition—and that at a time when the Spanish galleons brought in great heaps of shining American gold!

In a curious volume entitled "*Les Névroses*," Arvède Barine studies the effect of wine, of opium, of alcohol, and of madness on men of talent. Hoffmann, de Quincey, Edgar Poe, and Gerard de Nerval are her models. One shuts the book with a sort of nervous tremor, of fear for one's own brain, of infinite pity for the victims of vices which so often are inherited fatalities. To Americans, of course, the most interesting of these essays is that of Edgar Poe. When she had finished writing it, Mme. Vincens told me that it had taken her a whole year to prepare, that she had caused an immense pile of books to be sent to her, and that her task had been an arduous one. An eminently intelligent foreigner is perhaps better suited than a compatriot, who can hardly, even now, look dispassionately on the case of Edgar Poe, to evoke the image of the unfortunate poet, to exonerate him from wilful vice, to pity his useless struggle against a fatality born with him. At any rate, this portrait is an admirable one, vigorous and singularly living. Baudelaire, Poe's most fervent admirer, had made him known in France, and Arvède Barine, in her article, gives some of his vivid translations. All through the volume we find vivid pictures of the places and periods of which the essayist speaks.

The time has long since gone by when criticism was looked upon as the work of writers incapable of the higher

art of the poet, novelist, or historian. Since Taine gave his "History of English Literature," Sainte-Beuve his "Port-Royal" and his "Lundis"; since, in our day, such men as M. Anatole France, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, M. Jules Lemaitre, M. Émile Faguet have been known as critics, the reading public at last understands what wealth of erudition, what subtle analysis, what humor, and what poetic charm can be compressed within the pages of an essay.

In this noble company, Mme. Arvède Barine's place is marked; she is there among her peers, not among her masters. As well as any, better than some, she has the gift of taking any subject and of extracting from it all that is of any interest, all that is suggestive, human, or charming. Her pages teem with flashes of discreet humor, of personal observation; she is essentially a moralist and a psychologist.

As a woman, none was ever simpler, more unaffectedly modest. Her dislike of publicity is well known. To all who seek to "interview" her, she invariably answers that her works belong to the public but that her private life is hers only. This she guards jealously.

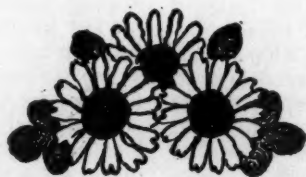
M. and Mme. Vincens live very simply on the third floor of a house near the Arc de Triomphe. The salon, opened once a week, is often well filled with writers and artists. As the big,

old-fashioned arm-chairs are a little cumbersome, and the red-hot coke fire keeps one away from the chimney-corner, the room seems at times a little overcrowded. The air is heavy with the perfume of flowers, for which the hostess has a passion.

When many are present, Mme. Vincens listens rather than talks. With one or two friends, her conversation is very interesting. Then, her tall, thin frame unbends, her kindly eyes and pleasant smile reassure the most timid of her guests. But even her intimate friends have difficulty in making her speak of herself or her work. The case is rare enough to be noted.

M. and Mme. Vincens, in their day, have been great travellers, great climbers of mountains and explorers of valleys. Now, that the sixty mark has been reached, they prefer to spend their summers in the country home they have built at Louveciennes, almost under the shadow of the Marly aqueduct, where all is peaceful and hushed, where masses of roses bloom in the garden, and where, behind the house, is a bit of wild wood, with a tiny ravine, left as nature made them, and which might be hundreds of miles from the great rumbling, maddening city.

Here Mme. Arvède Barine is seen at her best, hospitable in all simplicity, courteous to her friends, perfect as wife, adorable as grandmother.



Poems Old and New

Reviewed by EDITH M. THOMAS.

THAT genial *musis amicus*, himself a skilful artificer in verse, Mr. Watts-Dunton, here presents the seventh and enlarged edition of his "Coming of Love,"*—a work which, some time since, encountered great favor both at the critics' and poets' court of appeals; Rossetti, in particular, having acknowledged the fascination he found in this story of the loves of a Romany girl and a romantic youth of the Anglo-Saxon race. The narrative moves through scenes of pastoral beauty charmingly described; and the peculiar customs and wild superstitions of this nomadic people lend infinite variety to the story, making the latter a quite unique work in a field but seldom entered by the poet. Words and phrases of the Romany speech abound, but not to the confusion of the reader; since each page contains its own ready marginal gloss. As interesting as the story itself is the prefatory explanation by the author as to the growth and final evolution of "The Coming of Love" as it now stands. Quite different in theme and setting is the poet's "Christmas at the Mermaid." Here, with the exception of their "star of revel, bright-eyed Will" (who is represented as having just gone to live at Stratford-on-Avon), are gathered all the members of the famous Mermaid Club; Ben Jonson presiding at the big was-sail-bowl, while Raleigh, Dekker, Drayton, Chapman, and others are variously disposed at the table. A nameless friend of Marlowe relates the recent tragic death of that poet, and all drink to the last builder of the "mighty line." Raleigh is moved to reminiscences of great sea-fights where "galleon hurtles galleasse"; arousing, in turn, the stirring memories of one David Gwynn, a Welsh seaman, who, though a galley-slave, had helped to cripple the Armada. The whole scene,

with pledges and responsive choruses, is conceived and executed quite in the spirit of the "spacious times of great Elizabeth." Mr. Watts-Dunton includes in the present volume many briefer poems, often "occasional" in their theme, two of which come home with special graciousness to our hearts—the sonnets "On the Death of James Russell Lowell" and "On the Death of the President."

From "The Coming of Love" we quote the following meditation of Percy, after the disappearance of his gypsy love:—

Beneath the loveliest dream there coils a fear:
Last night came she whose eyes are memories now;
Her far-off gaze seemed all forgetful how
Love dimmed them once, so calm they shone and clear.

"Sorrow," I said, "has made me old, my dear;
'T is I, indeed, but grief can change the brow:
Beneath my load a seraph's neck might bow,
Vigils like mine would blanch an angel's hair.
Oh, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move!
I saw the love-mists thickening in her eyes—
I heard a sound as if a murmuring dove
Felt lonely in the dells of Paradise;
But when upon my neck she fell, my love,
Her hair smelt sweet of whin and woodland spice.

There is a quite bewildering variety of themes presented in these two hundred and twenty-four pages* of verse-harvest. We have glimpses "In the Sweat-Shop," peeps into a "Crookes's Spinthariscopes," breathless pursuits of Daphne and of Ariadne; visions of disappearing damsels, of the old Knickerbocker days, down Maiden Lane and around Bowling Green way; lamenting for lost loves and for dying butterflies. But the lyric muse was not thinking of us when these diverse and bewildering flights were taken. And, after all, we are indebted to her for much that is lovely, tender, and charming,—and, often, for a wise note of womanly wisdom (sometimes, in truth, for bits of

* "The Coming of Love, Rhona Boswell's Story and Other Poems," By Theodore Watts-Dunton, Author of "Aylwin." John Lane.

* "In Sun or Shade: Poems." By Louise Morgan Sill. Harper & Bros.

clever womanish sophistry, or of cleverer penetration with the eyes of the woman-heart). "Elyria" is a skilful little allegory, done in musical blank-verse, wherein is an embodied apology order of woman-soul to whom an ideal love (or none) must be vouchsafed. "Love's Crescendo" is another delicately modulated expression of the feminine *credo*. "Love-that-was" is pure lyric fancy, but of a haunting grace. "Man and Woman" utters, sagaciously, a time-honored truth; so, likewise, does the following pungent brevity in verse, "The Full Hour":—

When a woman is but a thing
For a man to fondle and pet,
Let her dance and sing—
Her hour is not yet.
When a man is but a staff
For a woman to cling to, dumb,
Let him strut and laugh—
His hour is not yet come.

The author has, also, a more purely imaginative side, as when she speaks of the night-heavens

Filled, too, with stars that must shine and burn
till they burn out their dross,
And are but the spirits of stars that bound the
empyrean.

We have more than once, in very recent time, had occasion to remark the many pitfalls and difficulties besetting the path of the poetic dramatist who draws his theme from Biblical sources, especially from the jealous annals of Hebrew history as preserved in the Old Testament. Such a deal of special pleading must be done to reconcile modern readers to the peccant (yet impeccable!) hero or heroine of the author's choice, constructed by the author on lines rigidly drawn by the ancient and most partisan chronicler! Yet great must be the attraction existing in such themes; for the apotheoses of David multiply upon the reviewer's table. Mary Magdalen, also, is shown to have an interior self of immaculate purity! Delilah is a zealously patriotic maiden, who delivers her Samson into the hands of the Philistines that civic honor may be vindicated! And now, we are to witness the transfiguration of

Rahab,* at the hands (and, it must be owned, the very able and ingenious hands) of Dr. Burton, who brings to his task the faculty of clearly perceiving his *dramatis personæ*, of determining the interaction of his characters, and a skilled workmanship in the management of the verse-vehicle. The ancient text that yields his theme declares: "By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not, when she had received the spies with peace." We have emphasized the phrase, *by faith*, because Dr. Burton has done so throughout his drama, showing us that spiritual light from Israel and Israel's God has steadfastly guided her in her act of seeming treachery to her own nation. In answering her father's accusation in this direction, her reply defines her position:

The sea hath wider ways than all the lands,
Vaster her realm; beyond the outmost isles
The old eternal wash. So of the soul.
Back of these idols broods the living One.
There is a God, beyond the Jordan now,
But speedily to come and cleanse this sty—
In whose right hand I rest.

And again, in the passage subjoined, is sounded the key-note of Rahab's prophetic mood and purposeful conviction:

. . . This city of our birth,
Sinning light-heartedly beneath bright skies,
Is doomed—not by the hand of Joshua,
But of high God.—I saw it in a dream.

. . . I must save
My soul;—it is a call that rings from God
Above all city claims. If any place
Help not the spirit in its climb toward God,
'T is no true mother.

†"Plays and Lyrics," by Mr. Cale Young Rice, includes this author's drama of "David," already presented to our readers. Mr. Rice adventures now into a new locality for his theme and inspiration; for "Yolanda of Cyprus" is, as the title implies, an exotic of Levantine origin,—more definitely,

* "Rahab: A Drama in Three Acts." By Richard Burton. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

† "Plays and Lyrics." By Cale Young Rice. McClure, Phillips, & Co.

The Critic

deriving from the "Isles of Greece." The time is mediæval (albeit one of the characters exclaims, "Ask Zeus,"—somewhat thereby jarring the chronology). The imbroglio is presided over, as it were, by a "supersubtle" and super-malignant Venetian lady, who compels the young and beautiful Yolanda to take upon herself the guilt and condemnation of another—that other being the mother of Yolanda's affianced lover; the Venetian lady, meantime, abstracting for herself the attentions of the lover: There are many extraordinary moves on the dramatic chess-board, the last being, so to speak, a temporary suspension of death, in which the actual transgressor announces the innocence of Yolanda, affirms her own guilt, and conveniently thereafter becomes actually defunct. If we seem to take too lightly Mr. Rice's serious dramatic intent, we can-

not do better than to permit such reparation of the injury as may be had in direct quotation from his work. The scene is between Yolanda and her lover; and the latter it is who speaks, apostrophizing the "beauty" of the beloved:—

Dear as the wind wafts from undying shrines
Of mystery and myrrh!
I'd have the eloquence of quickened moons
Pouring upon the midnight magically,
To say all I have yearned,
Now, with your head pillowed upon my breast!
Slow sullen speech come to my soldier lips,
Rough with command, and *impotent of softness!*

To our taste, Mr. Rice's lyric work in this volume far outvalues his dramatic. There is vital motive, touchingly rendered, in such brief "cries of the human" as are heard in "Transcended," "Mother-Love" and "On the Moor."

ON THE MOOR

1

I met a child upon the moor
A-wading down the heather;
She put her hand into my own,
We crossed the fields together.

I led her to her father's door—
A cottage mid the clover.
I left her—and the world grew poor
To me, a childless rover.

2

I met a maid upon the moor,
The morrow was her wedding.
Love lit her eyes with lovelier hues
Than the eve-star was shedding.

She looked a sweet goodbye to me,
And o'er the stile went singing.
Down all the lonely night I heard
But bridal bells a-ringing

3

I met a mother on the moor,
By a new grave a-praying.
The happy swallows in the blue
Upon the winds were playing.

"Would I were in his grave," I said,
"And he beside her standing!"
There was no heart to break if death
For me had made demanding.

From "Plays and Lyrics" by Cale Young Rice.

Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow

DEAR BELINDA,

The woman Billington should be found some employment. It is suggested that she should be made the "chief whip" of the Liberal Party. But this post is coupled with too much honor, and Miss Billington, or truculent Theresa, as she is said to be called, might be far better employed—say, in cleaning down the front of Buckingham Palace or the Albert Memorial (or, better still, taking it down), or picking up 'bus and tram tickets, or holding cab horses at a halfpenny a head. She might even qualify for a post on the music-hall stage. "Belle Billington" would sound all right as "a turn." Billington—this patronymic has been closely associated in recent years with the extreme penalty of the law—should know that assassination has never made history, but Miss Billington is for extreme measures in the neighborhood of Cavendish Square and the Houses of Parliament. She thinks, no doubt, that she will achieve fame somehow, but so far she has merely covered herself with ridicule. Mr. Asquith's reputation increases by leaps and bounds as Miss Billington continues her freaks. Miss Billington should first be well smacked and then given a copy of *In Subjection*.

No doubt this outburst about Chicago will result in a fierce scrutiny of many articles of diet. Our table dainties will be suspected and examined before they are eaten. Those porcine morsels which we take sometimes at breakfast will be traced to the original ancestral home or pigstye. What about Gorgonzola cheese? Will not each particular inhabitant of this cheese have to show a perfectly clean bill of health and of morals? And then those jars and tins (presumably of European manufacture) which contain "Frogs" and "Snails," and which we see daily exposed and labelled in the windows of "Italian warehousemen." But, most of all, what about "Potted Char"? This, indeed, is a gruesome subject. The "Char" we know is never too

spotless. She is a mass of melancholy flesh always bursting into tears or ready to do so without the slightest provocation. For years these little jars containing Potted "Char" have been offered us, and we have bought them and eaten their contents without a question. Chicago and its scandals open up many questions as to Potted "Char" and the age when the "Char" is killed and potted and the details of the circumstances under which caught and killed, what was the dying squeak like, and what the last grievance. Doubtless these meat scandals will involve many close investigations nearer home, and the question of "Char" and Potted Char is one in which we are all profoundly interested in inquiring into and in finding out how far this extensive industry of the potting of "Char" can be allowed to continue without the appointment of a Commission into the circumstances. Nothing is more clear than that while the domestic servant "gives notice" and clears out with or without a month's wages the Char does nothing of the kind—she disappears. It is part of her life to do so, and we now know the reason. From the moment when she becomes a "Char" a peculiar melancholy affects her life. She, of course, knows what will be her fate, and she decides to be paid by the day or week, her figure droops, she becomes careworn and woeful, and then disappears. Beyond this the question in the light of recent events is too painful to be pursued. But that there is much cause for investigation into the contents of Potted Char there is no doubt whatever. Those who evidently do not eat tinned meat, and fortunately there are many, amuse themselves with some good fun on the subject. A wit in the ever-cheerful *Westminster Gazette* writes:

Someone wrote to the Packers, "What sin
To put a man's head in the tin!"

They said, "It's absurd

To say it occurred;

Nothing larger than thumbs has gone in."

Long ago, when Mr. Stead was visiting the Western States, we heard a good deal about Chicago, and it was then often said of the meat packers that they "eat what they can and can what they can't," and to this has now been added, through Mr. Begbie's column in the *Westminster Gazette*, the following poetical version of much the same idea:

A canner, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny,
"A canner can can
All the things he can can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

If things go on in this way, Mr. Eustace Miles will almost persuade some to become vegetarians. In England the temptation to become a vegetarian arises through the bad quality of the meat dishes. In France the desire to become a vegetarian comes from the excellent quality of the vegetable dishes; but in France it is not necessary to be a vegetarian, because meat is cooked so well that it is as digestible as vegetables. To be a vegetarian in France would require immense moral courage, in view of the many tempting fleshly dishes; but to become a vegetarian in England means that you pine for lack of variety. In barely half-a-dozen restaurants in London, and these the most expensive, do they know how to cook and serve up a French bean—a lentil is unknown, and spinach, the most wholesome vegetable of any, is hardly grown in this country at all. Day after day we go on gorging ourselves with potatoes, injuring our digestions and impairing our systems by the habit of eating potatoes and ignoring other better vegetables.

While on the subject of Chicago, and on the subject of eating in general, I may ask why is it that London has no good cake-shops? In any foreign town the cake-shop is a pleasant rendezvous, where people meet in a leisurely way, and, taking a plate, go to the centre stand, and enjoy a really succulent little repast at an outlay of about fourpence. It is a pleasant form of greed, and it puts one in a very good temper to sit down quietly to a

cup of chocolate and a "Brioche," or a "Madeleine," two forms of pastry which are quite wholesome. In foreign towns all cakes are a penny apiece, but in such places as call themselves cake-shops in London, anything possible to be eaten at all is certainly not a penny. In France you pay a penny for a delicious piece of pastry fresh from the ovens, whereas in London you pay twopence for something which is most obviously stale. England is certainly the home of the sour bun and the tired sandwich. It is better to eat dog biscuits than any ordinary English cakes.

Mr. Montagu Wood is not a prolific author. *The Tangled I* is only his second book: *The Island Story* was his first, and it was very amusing. Therein he made such excellent fun of "The Souls" that, as some one said at the time, they soon became the nobodies. In the twelve years which have passed since *The Island Story* was published, Mr. Wood's idea of humor seems to have changed, and in this new book there is not to be found any one who will compare with the character in *The Island Story* who kept a school for the reclamation of duchesses and others, and from whose reports one could read that the Duchess of Malmesbury is "getting on very well with her Schopenhauer, some of the simplest passages of which she now almost comprehends; at the same time, her Grace must really get to know that Pure existence has nothing to do with morals." "Dot Dorsetshire is idle and backward and entirely concerned so far with the Obvious and Superficial. On the other hand, there is an excellent account of her skirt-dancing, etc." In his new book, Mr. Wood takes cheerful views of life, and though his humor has changed curiously, he apparently has taken care not to grow old by adding any weight of care to his thoroughly irresponsible nature. If ever a book required an interpreter it is *The Tangled I*, and not only an interpreter, but it also requires a dictionary, and no ordinary dictionary. Mr. Wood might have to do with Chicago, he revels in things so uncanny, and particularly

does he revel in weird words. Thus he gives us whole pages of such strange sentences as the following: "Surely in this vast conglomerate of unfeathered bifooteed multitudes one could pluck an ample salvation from the teeming surplusage of our planetary supply." This apparently is meant to say that some one wants to get married. Such polysyllabic words are so numerous that it is difficult to select those which represent Mr. Wood at his best or worst. He states that woman runs from the "seething breakers of her incarnate vacillation and timidity to man as a palladium, so that one feels like a rock meting out shelter to a bewitchingly agglutinous barnacle." Let Mr. Wood experiment in addressing some of his fair acquaintances when he next meets them as "agglutinous barnacles," and see what the effect will be. The sentences in *The Tangled I* positively take one's breath away. To explain them would be an impossibility. After reading the book through one thinks, "What does this all mean? Is it a gigantic joke or a page from *Alice in Wonderland*?" One is reminded in reading *The Tangled I* of nothing so much as of the old nonsense riddle, "If fourteen dogs with three legs each catch forty-eight rabbits with seventy-six legs in twenty-five minutes,

how many legs must twenty-four rabbits have to get away from ninety-three dogs with two legs in half an hour?"

But in *A Tangled I* there are some amusing remarks upon things in general, and upon female dog-owners in particular. Mr. Wood must at some time or another of his hitherto apparently short life have suffered bitterly from some female dog-owner—probably from the little beast itself. Perhaps some choice waistcoat of our author was dribbled over by the sloppy mouth of some small beast. At any rate, Mr. Wood is "up against" female dog-owners, and gibes at them very amusingly for subordinating "passionate adorers," "affable affinities," and "breezy luncheoners" to the claims of a hairy quadruped "with a pluvial sneeze." Harry Temple, around whose career circle the events in *A Tangled I*, betook himself from motives of sheer self-defence solely to the society of "the beautifully married." To this end he knew Mrs. Caper, whose mother had been known as "The Complete Angler." Miss Caper was known as "The Complete Triangler," to such perfection had she brought "the tri-lateral theory of domestic life."

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, August, 1906.



The Bather

STILL is the lake; in lucent air
Serene o'er its own shadow bowed,
The wet hill hangs, as faintly fair
And unsubstantial as a cloud.
Still is the lake; clear skies to-day
Succeed the rains of yester-night;
The dark flood-waters idly play
With shadowed hill, with misty light.
No single sound breaks in; I hear
The breath, it seems, of living earth;
Near things seem far, and far things near,
Like visions of celestial birth.
Secure in such still solitude
The wild fowl dot the distant bay,
And seagulls, that of late pursued
Through restless seas their hard-won prey,
In this deep inland calm take tithe
Of easy spoil.

Here as I pass
A mower cuts with old-world scythe
Slow-falling swath of sedgy grass,
Whose yellowing fringe winds close about
The wrinkled bank, where level lake
And meadow-flat wind in and out
And mimic bays and headlands make:—
Sole figure in this lonely space,
He swings and pauses, turns and swings,
Nor heeds the glory of the place,
Nor of these far, uplifting things,
Man's heritage, claims any share.

One long field, by sweet runnels fed
That in the south mere ditches were;
But here spired plantain rears its head,
And grey-eyed yarrow's silvery lip
Smiles norland welcome:—Lost, a row
Of screening alders; there I strip
And barefoot through soft grasses go
Where Derwent, curving to the mere,
Swift in his seeming stillness slides,
A moving mirror, darkly clear,
Deep-pooled beneath his hanging sides.

Poised for the plunge, erect I take
The benison of the sun: I see
The toil-bound mower by the lake
Still swing his scythe, but I am free.
I poise, I plunge:—the mirrored hills
Rise up to meet me as I leap.
How the cool stream my body thrills,
Silken and soft and fresh as sleep!

LEONARD HUXLEY.

Portraits in Black and White

By FRANK WEITENKAMPF

THE portrait appeals to our sympathy for humanity in its individual and national expression. Hence its varied interest, which is naturally heightened by the artist's point of view, as well as by the matter of costume and other accessories. Portraiture presented through the reproductive arts, with their possibilities of circulation, serves or awakens this interest for a very much greater public than does the original painting or sculpture.

The engraved portrait generally represents a secondary interpretation of the subject depicted. It is the painter's view translated by the engraver. When the latter, beside technical ability, has an adequate original (painting, sculpture, drawing) to work from, or personal acquaintance or sympathy with the subject, the result is a human document as well as an example of engraving. Real power in art usually goes hand in hand with the insight into personality. We are bound to believe that such masterpieces of engraving as Nanteuil's "Pomponne de Bellière," Drevet's "Bossuet," or Ficquet's "Lafontaine" are, to say the least, satisfactory characterizations of the individuals portrayed, as are certain works by, say, Flameng, Rajon, Kruell, or others in our day. There comes to mind, too, the late Adolf Menzel's interesting experiment in presenting the generals and statesmen of Frederick the Great with characteristic expression, gesture and attitude, as though drawn from the life.

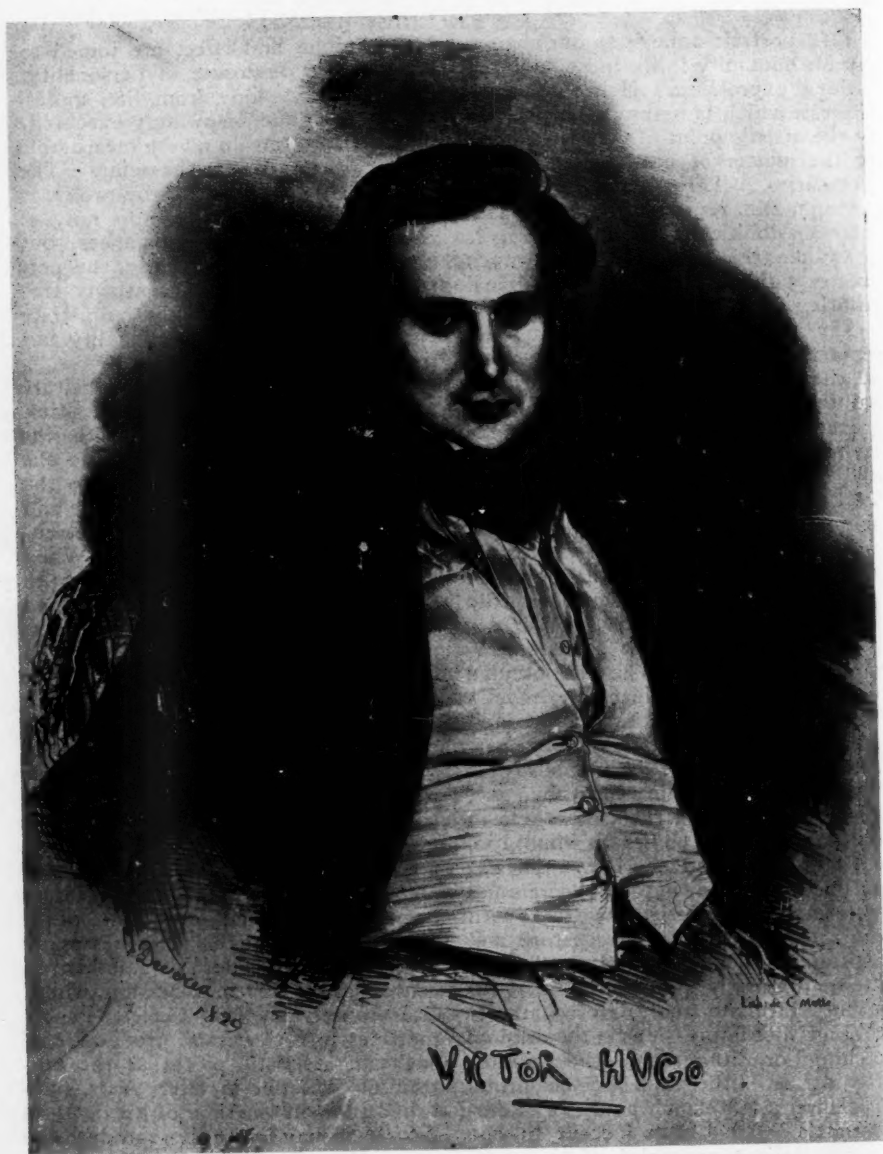
One naturally looks especially for strong, intimate analysis of character through first impressions in the original etching or lithograph,—the painter-etching or lithograph. Such prints as Dürer's "Melanchthon" or Rembrandt's "Jan Lutma" occur to one among salient examples of the past. And in our own times artists such as Alphonse Legros, Félix Bracquemond, Marcelin Desboutsin, Jan Veth, Will Rothenstein, Kriehuber, have given us portraits in which force and originality

in technique and effect are joined to sympathetic disclosure of personality. Such a direct copy from life, understandingly done, knowingly executed, must perforce attain a very measurable degree of truth to character. The presentation is direct, not by proxy.

The names here cited do not, of course, represent sole instances, but simply examples. Similarly, the portraits reproduced to accompany this article are intended merely to illustrate this matter of artistic individuality and psychological power.

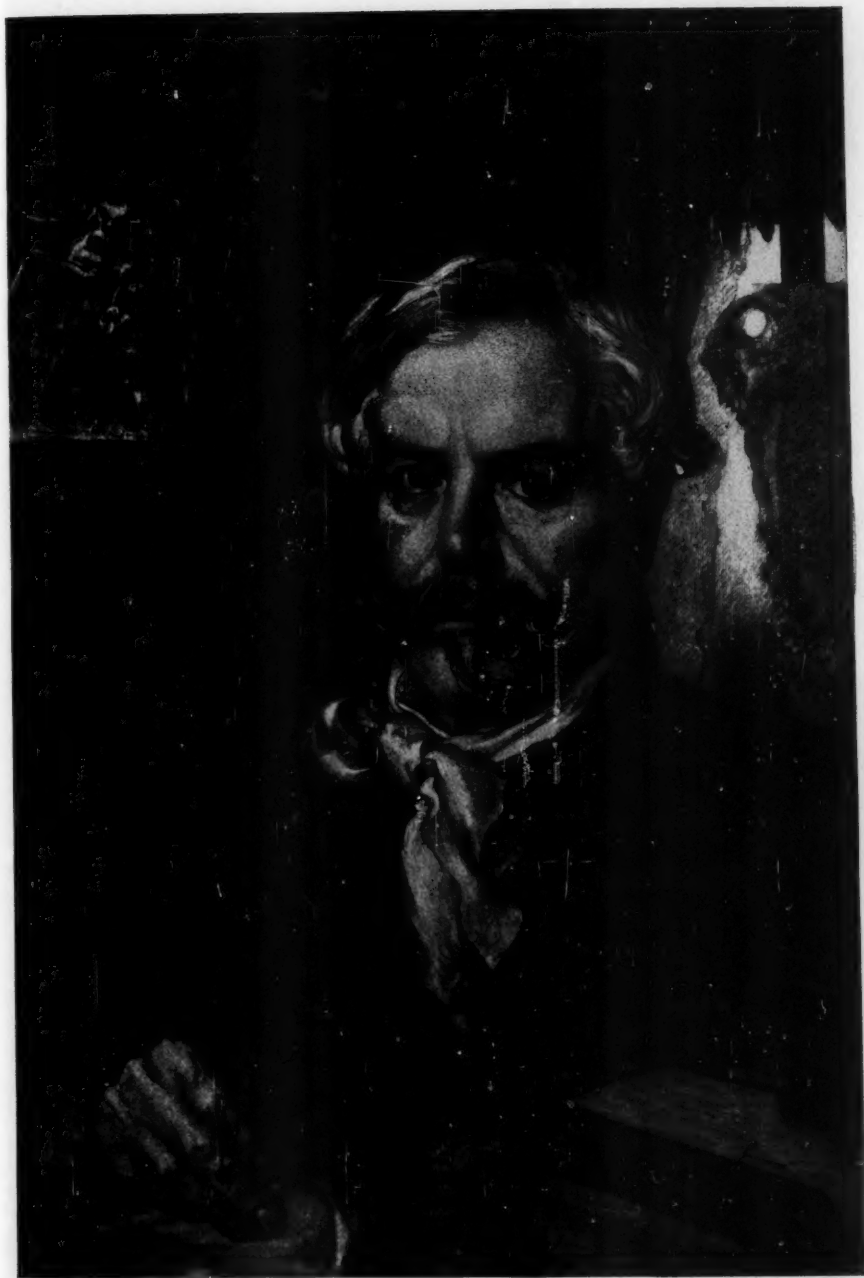
The elements involved in portraiture are complex. The mood of the sitter, his interest in or sympathy with the artist, the artist's response to the psychic attitude of, or insight into the individuality of, the sitter,—these and other factors must of necessity essentially influence the final result. When various artists of ability portray the same person, the interest is heightened by the study of personality through its impression on different minds. An obvious illustration is found in the portraits of Whistler by Fantin-Latour, Menpes, Way, Chase, Nicholson, Pelligrini, Boldini, and Whistler himself.

It is not only a question of correctness of form. Correctness of detail in the presentation of the features is not everything. The features may be there and no soul. The cheap recording of a few obvious signs of character does not constitute proof of the gift of introspection. Superficial likenesses are produced in considerable number on canvas as well as in black-and-white. It is conceivable that the camera, remorselessly correct (and productive of such characteristic pieces as the portrait of Whistler in later years, published at about the time of his death in *Les Arts*), may faithfully reproduce the person in attitude or expression false to his true self. Mechanical exactitude may mislead. Portraiture and the tin-type are not necessarily synonymous. The personality of the artist counts in portraiture as in every form of art.



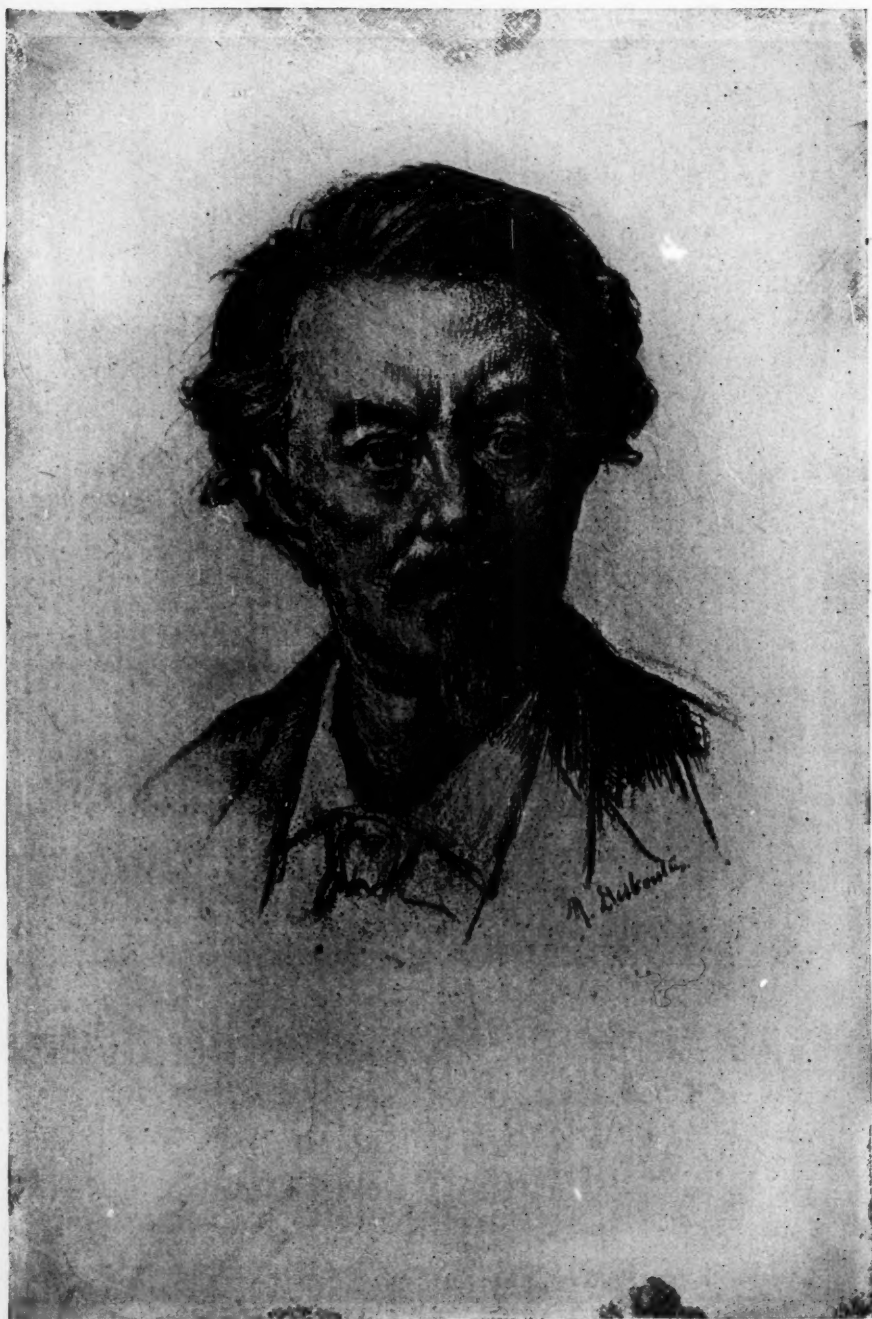
VICTOR HUGO

Lithograph by Achille Deveria, 1829



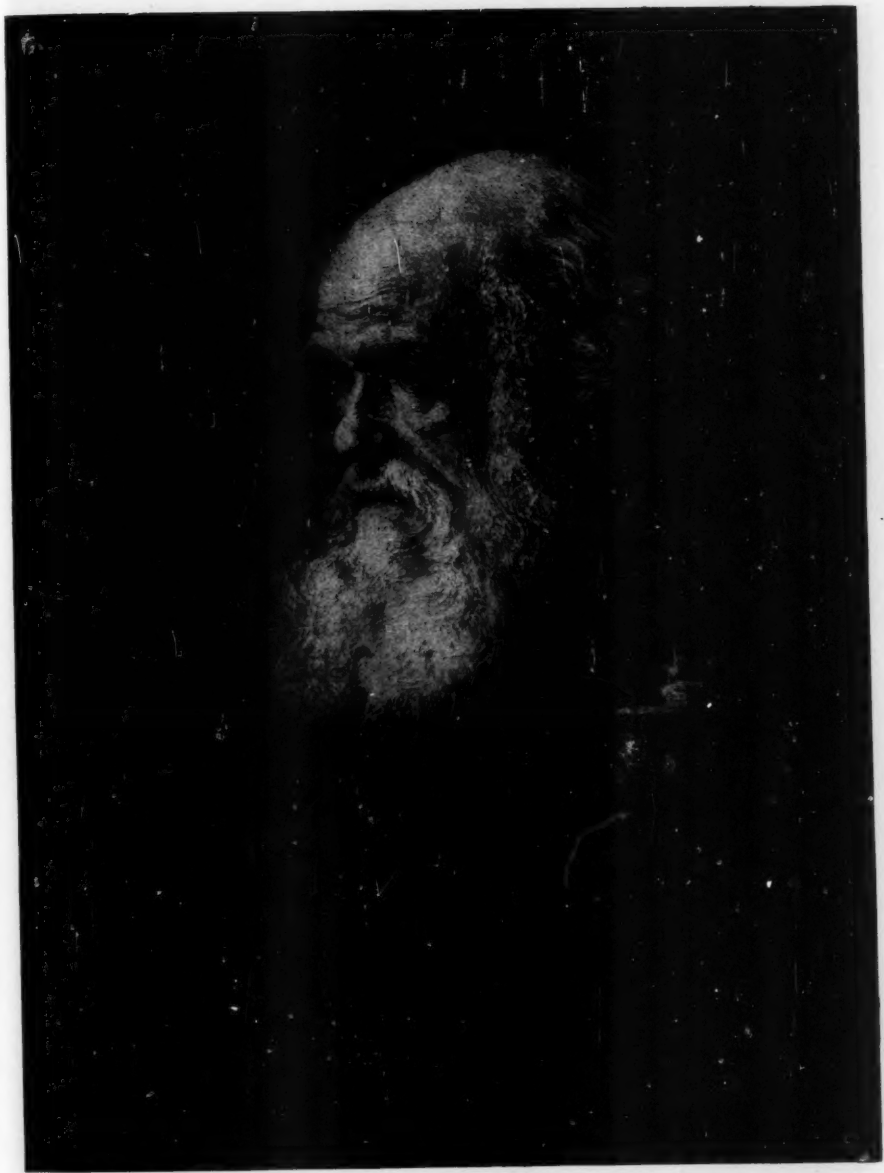
EDMOND DE GONCOURT

Etching by Félix Bracquemond



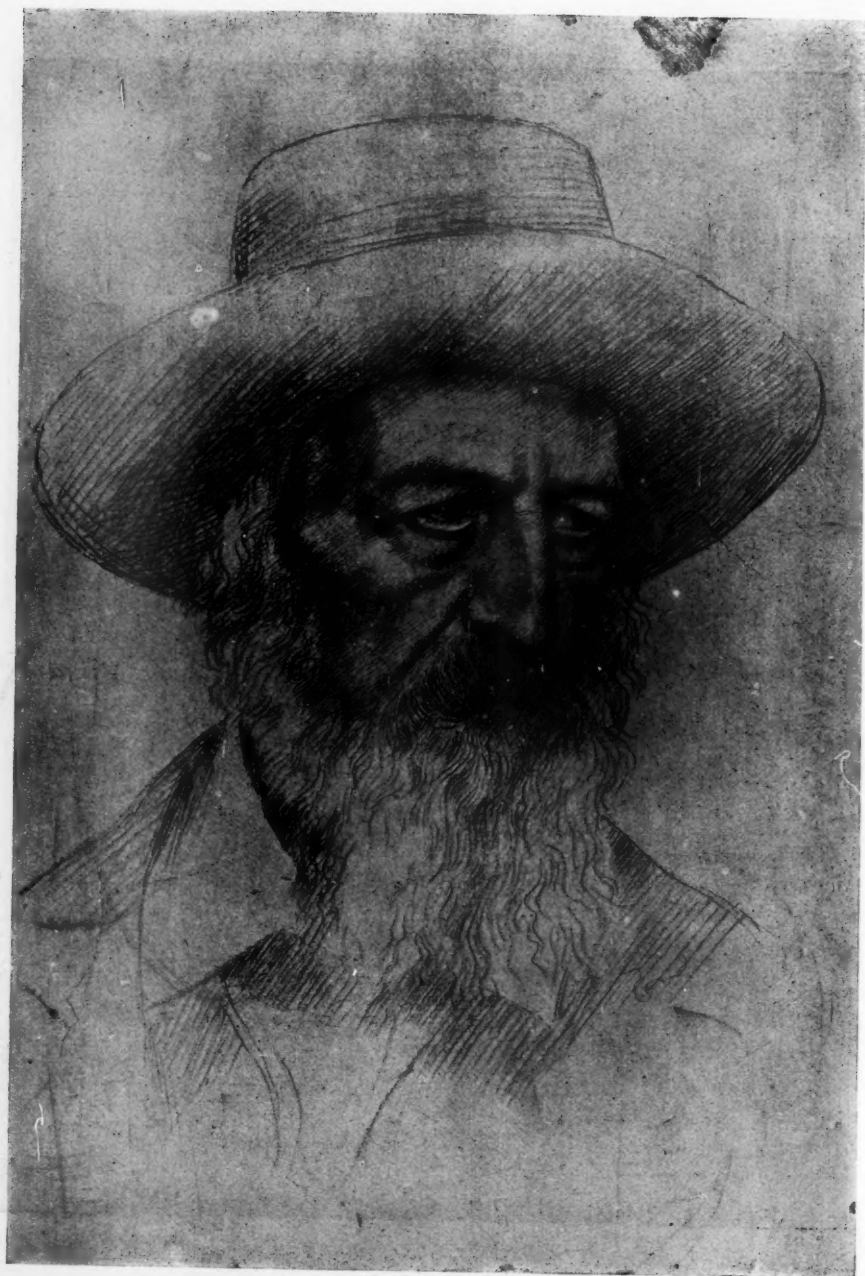
STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

Drypoint by Marcelin Desbouts, 1892



Etching by Paul Rajon

CHARLES DARWIN

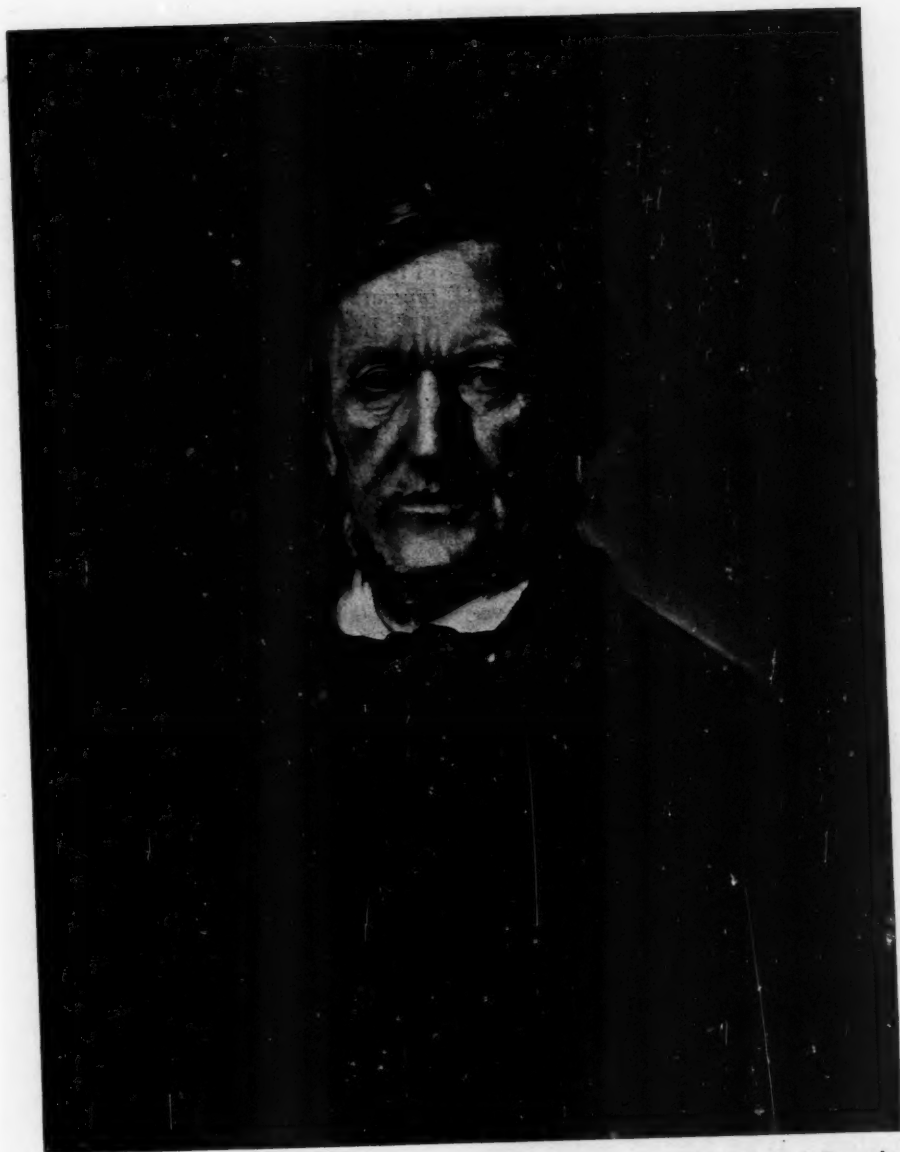


Lithograph by Alphonse Legros

TENNYSON

230

642



Etching by R. de Egusquiza

RICHARD WAGNER

Some Literary Autographs

By JOSEPH B. AMES

To many people the term "autograph collector" conjures up a vague picture of a bore armed with an album and ever on the alert for celebrities. To an author, the very word is unpleasant, associated as it usually is with the numberless "requests" for his signature—many of which are demands—which litter his writing-table after every post. Some, like Longfellow, succumb gracefully to the inevitable and spend a few hours periodically in answering them. In his diary on January 9, 1857, he writes: "Yesterday, I wrote, sealed, and directed seventy autographs," and other entries of a like nature occur at intervals.

Lowell was not so tolerant, and called the autograph book "an instrument of torture unknown to the Spanish Inquisition." But Lowell was quick-tempered and irascible and had small patience with any useless interruption of his work.

The following letter from George William Curtis (which I need scarcely add was not written to myself) shows how far ill-mannered insistence can go. The person to whom it was addressed did not deserve such kindly treatment.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON,
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.,
March 14th, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR:

I think that I am not an ill-natured man and I do not doubt that your collection of autographs is exceedingly interesting. But how can I comply with your request to say what I think of what I have never seen?

Very truly yours,
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS,

But such as these are not collectors in the true sense of the word; they are mere gatherers of signatures and scraps of handwriting—"autograph garbage hunters," as an English author calls them.

The genuine collector would almost as soon think of requesting an autograph as he would of forging a cheque; to him, each letter in his collection is

of absorbing interest, and a never-ending source of pleasure. He knows every fold of the paper, every peculiarity of phrasing, almost every stroke of the pen; and somehow he feels a sense of intimacy with these great men. For the moment they live for him, and their letters bridging across the space of time, he can almost hear the voices of those long dead and feel the friendly pressure of their hands. For, after all, what more interesting or personal relic can one have, than the hasty lines scrawled by a great general on the field of battle, or the chatty letter of a great author telling of the progress of a book which has long since been enrolled upon the tablets of immortality?

Years ago, a small boy, having finished his ninth or tenth perusal of "Tom Brown at Rugby," sat down, and with the thoughtless optimism of childhood laboriously composed a letter to the author. He was a matter-of-fact lad and wanted to know whether Tom Brown was a real, live boy, or not. Then, too, he was grateful to the man who had given him so much pleasure, and in halting, boyish phrases he told him so. The letter which came back could have been written by no one but a kindly, whole-hearted, clean-minded Christian. With beautiful clearness it shows the spirit of the man who has given such innocent and genuine pleasure to thousands of boys, old and young, on both sides of the Atlantic.

CHESTER,
3-11-'95.

DEAR BOY (for you must be a boy still):

You ask whether Tom Brown was a "real boy" as "it would be so much nicer to think that he was a real boy than to know that he only existed in a story." No, he was n't a real *boy* (unless indeed on your side "*boy*" is a noun of multitude). He was, and I hope is still, and, so far as an old boy of 73 can judge, certainly is, at least 20 boys, for I know at least that many of T. B.'s at Rugby, and there were no doubt as many at a dozen other of our public schools.



Chester

3.11.95

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~~was~~ as many at a dozen other of our
public schools - What I wanted
was, to draw the average English
boy who came from ~~the~~ a good
pious English country home

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE FROM THOMAS HUGHES'S LETTER

Some Literary Autographs

What I wanted was, to draw the average English boy who came from a good, pious English country home, not particularly clever or studious, but with good Church Catechism training, which would n't let him be an idle loafer, though he might look on the masters as the other side in the education game; and so long as they played the game fairly, would respect and like them, as he did the other side at football. If you want to meet a specimen on your side you will find one of the type at Hymer ranch in the Panhandle of Texas, where our youngest boy is the managing partner of a cattle ranch. He never could take kindly to Latin, Greek, or Mathematics, but learned to "ride, shoot, and tell the truth," which was (according to Herodotus) considered the best result of higher education amongst the Persians 2000 years ago. Almost all of them get fond of good healthy literature later on, and regret that they did n't "sap" at school, but I doubt whether they would make half as good Englishmen even if they had learned to turn out good "longs and shorts," or Greek alcaics, before they left school.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS HUGHES.

A letter of Wordsworth's comes next in the brass-bound mahogany box before me, and a most interesting one it is, but sadly enough lacks the concluding page and signature, though undoubtedly in the poet's hand.

MY DEAR MR. THENYON :

We are sad slow readers in this house, I from infirmity of eyesight and more so from lack of voice and numerous engagements. We have gone through the whole of your vol. however and can honestly repeat what we may have told you before: that you are very smart and pungent in Couplet, and can now add that you make a Capital figure in blank Verse and Lyric also. To speak more gravely we have been entertained by parts of your volume and instructed also, and not a little moved by others. I fall in exactly with your train of thinking and feeling in your Moonlight and Ilchester and Dorchester Amphitheatre. Stonehenge has given you at your advanced years just such a fillup as it gave me when in my 23d year, I passed a couple of days rambling about Salisbury Plain, the Solitudes and Solemnities of which Prompted me to write a Poem of some length in the Spenserian Stanza. I have it still in MSS. and parts may perhaps be thought worth publishing after my death among the juvenilia. Overcome with the heat and fatigue I took my Siesta among the Pillars of Stonehenge; but was not visited by the Muse in my slumbers. I am therefore half tempted to think that Milton (?) was a little of a

Fibber, when he talked of his mighty visitation "or when Theon (?) purples the East."

Mrs. W. is just come in, and begs me to say that she frequently returns with great pleasure to your volume, never having suspected that you had so very much of the *genuine* Poet in you.

You advert to what it is possible Italy may have done for me. I wrote one blank verse piece about 80 lines; suggested at Lavernia (?); and was then strongly tempted to add another, in which I made some little progress, upon the Life and Character of St. Francis; but I sought in vain for Cardinal Bonaventure's Life of him, both at Florence, Venice, Munich and elsewhere. Had I found the book when the heat was upon me I should probably have done the work; but I am still without the volume and the inclination has died away. I went too late into Italy, not for poetic feelings, but for clothing those feelings in words, and I also travelled through the delightful region much too fast. It is remarkable that my tour of nearly 5 weeks through Ireland, which was performed in a chariot with 4 Horses, never produced a verse, whereas three several tours through Scotland in an Irish Car, a four wheeled carriage with one horse, and very much pedestrianizing, were productive of many poetic exertions, some of them successful. . . .

This was probably written from Rydal Mount, the home of his later years which he loved so well and where he died, and the poem of his youth refers undoubtedly to "Salisbury Plain" which, never having been published, was found amongst his papers after his death. There is a tone of simple, unconscious egotism running through the letter which is delightfully naïve, though quite consistent, for Wordsworth fully believed himself to be the foremost poet of his day in England, and did not hesitate to make plain this belief, which with him amounted to a certainty.

For many years Wordsworth and Robert Southey were near neighbors and always remained close friends. Southey, whom Byron called "the only existing entire man of letters," was a voluminous and indefatigable writer, not alone of his long epics and finished literary work, but of miscellaneous notes. Among his papers were numerous common-place books filled with quotations, verses, sonnets and even single lines in Latin, French and English, with here and there the transcript

of a letter or a written opinion of persons or events. I quote one of these pages, deciphered with some difficulty on account of the fineness of the writing.

THURLOW.

Aug. 19th, 1804.

Iron hearted he is in some points; but there are spells you know that can

Draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek.

I have seen our *man of Iron weep*; considering how severely some passages in the third volume were pointed against himself, I thought he spoke of the book with a surprising degree of good humor. It has been his misfortune that he never properly felt the genuine dignity of Cowper's genius and character. But perhaps his failing on this point should rather exact our pity than our anger when we recollect that he has been equally deficient towards a heavenly character of more awful perfection. Those who are blind to the Gospel can never estimate Cowper according to his merits or feel that he was (what he certainly was) a much greater man than the greater associates of his early life. Amongst many lavish praises bestowed on the Poet's Biographer it has surprised me (to let you into the private opinions of an author) that no one has praised his affectionate ingenuity in *placing Thurlow completely under the feet of Cowper*, an exploit which is accomplished without violating politeness in the introducing letter of his first volume, and such an exploit as the Biographer took a peculiar delight in accomplishing.

William Cowper and Edward Thurlow were at one time articled to the same London attorney, and when the latter attained eminence in the law and was created Baron, they remained on friendly terms. As Thurlow's sole literary achievements consisted in desultory translations from the Greek, and his poetical reputation never approached that of Cowper, Southey's anxiety on that score seems rather unnecessary.

A letter from Emerson follows, which is interesting since it relates to his first trip to England. For an American writer his success there was almost unprecedented. He lectured to crowded houses, and the exclusive circle of literary men and women received him with open arms and made him one of them. In short, he did more than any writer since Washington Irving to convince the English mind

that we actually had a literature of our own, and did not subsist entirely on pirated editions of their own men of letters.

CONCORD, 30 September, 1847.

ALEXANDER IRELAND, Esq.,

MY DEAR SIR:

I have decided after a little hesitation and advising with better sailors than myself, to follow my inclination in taking passage in a ship, and not in the steamer. I have engaged a berth in the *Washington Irving*, which leaves Boston for Liverpool next Tuesday, 5 October. The owners are confident, that with ordinary fortune we shall arrive in Liverpool in twenty days. But I shall not complain if the voyage should be a little longer. On my arrival in Liverpool, I will endeavor to see Mr. Hogg at the Institute there, and shall probably think it best to go directly to Manchester to meet yourself, and to settle with you the plan of my little campaign. I suppose that I shall be ready to read lectures at once as soon as the proper notices can be given; or, if more time is required by the Institutes, I can go to London and make a short visit before I begin. I know that I ought to have sent you some synopsis, long ago; but it has never been quite certain to me what I could promise as I have been endeavoring to complete some lecture not yet quite finished. I think I will now reserve my table of contents until I see you.

Yours with great regard,

R. W. EMERSON.

A naïve little note comes next, written on the smallest of note-paper folded into a tiny little shape scarcely as large as a visiting card, and addressed to Samuel Rogers, Esq., St. James Place.

I North Audley Street.

We were vexed and provoked that we were not at home when you were so kind as to call on us. These, you used to London life, may think mere words of course. But you would in this instance be mistaken. However strange, words with me mean what they say.

I hope they do not always, with you, for I heard of words of your saying which I should be very sorry to think meant what they said:—or seemed to say.

You said or seemed to say to yourself when my sister regretted that you called when we were out:

"Well, well, it shall never occur again." What did this mean? We fear from your never having called again that it literally meant you would never run the chance again.

Literary 74

We have before us the November number of the Library Table which is enriched with a feature new in periodical literature. This is the first ~~of its kind~~ of a series called The Monthly Index to Periodical Literature, and consists of an arrangement of all the subjects treated of in ~~the~~ the periodicals of the day, giving the titles of the articles, the name of the periodical in which each may be found and the number of pages ~~the~~ it occupies. Such an index gives the reader a bird's eye view of the matter which occupies public attention, either as communicating information on affairs subjects for controversy or contention, or offering merely the promise of entertainment. ~~The Library Table~~ ^{that} ~~adhered~~ ^{refers} to this index remarks that it presents a tolerably complete view of current periodical literature American as English, as that in subsequent numbers as soon as practicable the Index will be extended to French and German periodicals. The Library Table seems to have secured a ~~large~~ ^{an able} ~~respectable~~ Corps of Contributors. These are articles drawn into publication for Dr. Ogden, ~~Dr. J. Q. B.~~ J. Q. B., F. M. Thompson, Howard Hinton, Wm. Richardson & others. One of the articles is a memoir of Darwin with an engraving of the author of the Evolution.

If I mistake I shall feel no small pleasure in being set right, in the most and only effectual way. Any hour you name, any day between this and next May (when I *fit*) we WILL be at home and don't think I don't know when to use shall and will. This depends on will.

Yours sincerely,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

I have been delighted with the "Betrothed Lovers" even in bold translation. I beg to keep the 3d volume a while longer as my brother is in the middle of it.

It is but a glimpse into the long-buried past, and I find myself wondering whether the poet succumbed to such graceful pleading and came to call, or whether he remained obdurate to the end. Since Rogers lived for more than fifty years at 22 St. James Place, one has considerable latitude regarding the date of this letter which has been consistently omitted.

"Barry Cornwall," that delightfully sympathetic friend of so many more famous men, and himself a poet of no slight reputation in his day, writes a short but characteristic note.

32 Weymouth Street,
Portland Place W.

9-July, 1866.

MY DEAR WILKIE:

It would be worth your while almost to go to Malvern Wells for the sake of gratifying my wife and the rest of the party.

Amongst the luxuries of life the philosophers have forgotten to enumerate the pleasure of giving pleasure. Eating, drinking, reposing on soft pillows, etc., are below the notice of such Catos as you and I, but the power of extracting inches of joy from the female face, was left here doubtless when Psyche paid her nuptial visit to Cupid.

I write this in the most rash mood having ordered a Currant and Raspberry tart for dinner which my colleague, Dr. Varian, tells me I must not touch. He talks of a foolish indisposition which I am laboring to conquer with bread and water (not gin, etc.).

With good wishes, I am yours very sincerely,

B. W. PROCTER.

Should you make up your mind to go to Malvern Wells write a line the day before you travel, that they may save a bed for you—a couch as you romancers call it.

My little note of Hawthorne's was written from the consulate at Liverpool, and though but an invitation to dine, is interesting in view of the fact that it is addressed to John Bright.

U. S. CONSULATE.

Thursday, Oct. 12th, '54.

MY DEAR MR. BRIGHT:

I hope you will dine with me to-day to meet Mr. Cummings: I have asked only him; so that you may have fair opportunity to become acquainted. Pray make arrangements to stay all night.

Truly yours,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

There are two letters of Bryant before me; one written on the back of a sheet of manuscript for the *Evening Post* and apparently never sent. It is short and runs as follows:

CUMMINGTON, MASS.

August 28th, 1876.

DEAR MADAM:

You are in the right. The Musician should have been remembered in my poem, as well as the Sculptor, but I find that I have omitted others also; the architect swept away while his edifice is rising from the foundation stones, and the astronomer in the act of gazing at the stars. I will see if I can give them a place hereafter.

Yours respectfully,

W. C. BRYANT.

Doubtless written to one of the class of bores who are always suggesting improvements or alterations on an author's finished work. The other letter is longer and rather more interesting.

NEW YORK, October 9-1852.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am glad to learn that you are so agreeably employed as you inform me you are, and hope that your studies in Park scenery will turn to your personal advantage.

The manuscript of your entire article I cannot find, the latter part of it which I published, I send you in the *Evening Post* of May 28th. Mr. Baxter (?) thinks that this is what you want.

You speak of a sketch of my life in *Harpers Magazine* and a notice of my place at Roslyn. I send you the loose sheets of a description of the place, etc., from a book now in press—and to be published in a few weeks by Putnam—entitled "Homes of American Authors." It is written by

MANDARIN, March 28th, 1870.

U. P. Conscience,

Thursday, Oct 12th '52

My dear Mr. Briggs,

I hope you will dine with me to-day, & meet Mr. Channing. I have asked only him; so that you may have him of opportunity & become acquainted. Percy make arrangements to stay all night. Truly yours
 Nathl Hawthorne.

FACSIMILE OF HAWTHORNE'S MS.

Mrs. Kirkland and I think has the advantage in point of accuracy of that in *Harpers' Magazine*.

The matter which you speak of at the close of your letter, I think gives you too much concern. I do not believe there is the least shadow of censure resting upon your character in this country in any man's mind. If you have met with any coldness of manner, I am sure it was because you have begun to appear in the character of a reformer. With the generality of people nothing makes one so unacceptable as a scheme of that sort, more particularly if it be a new one—for in that case they are sure to set it down as impracticable and its author as one whose head is turned. If I were you I should give myself no trouble about it.

Y'r truly,

GEO. HARVEY, ESQ.

W. C. BRYANT.

Harriet Beecher Stowe writes to James T. Fields, her publisher, as follows:

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS:

I enclose the paper you sent me tho why or wherefore this appalling solemnity I cannot see. Hitherto all our agreements have simply been made by letters. What's the row? It rather scares me and frightens away my stories to sign a contract about them, but let it go. I suppose I can write after having declared with hand and seal that I will, but you publishers are apt not to know the fine spiderweb nature of the first filaments which floatingly attach themselves to a new subject out of which comes the growth of an imagining. However let us try to see what we can do.

"Pussy Willow" has come and I find that it has better capabilities for making a pretty juvenile book than I thought.

Now my plan is to write it out in some spots somewhat more elaborately and make it one of a Juvenile Series which has long been a favorite object with me. A juvenile series embracing four or five books under some good running title.

I spoke to Mr. Osgood about getting "Our Charley" of the —s. The plates were sold at the sale of Phillip's things and bought by —

They published and never offered to pay me anything for a year or two.

Then I wrote them saying that I was about to publish a juvenile series and saying that the plates were my property conjointly with Phillips, that they were sold without my knowledge and that I would pay them just what they gave.

They replied that the plates had *risen* in value on their hands and that they could not think of selling them for what they gave but offered me a percentage on sales.

This letter was about two years ago. I have never heard from them further. I spoke to Mr. Osgood about it last spring and asked if the thing could not be negotiated; the book was popular and I thought would make a good one in the series. But independent of that I have a boys' story which I think might be made a companion volume to this, one of the series.

If I carry out my plan there will be in the series—

Queer Little People

Our Charley

Pussy Willow

The Minister's Watermelons

and I think them all bound uniform and put up in a little case you might sell all together in five cases out of ten as easy as sell any one of them. I do not

make "Our Charley" an essential feature for this fall for perhaps we can't get it but I mean to have it eventually for it is mine and ———s have no just right to keep it.

Very faithfully,
H. B. STOWE.

Lowell writes in a rather technical strain to Dr. Murray of London, but the paragraph about his political views is of considerable interest.

68 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, U. S. A.
25th April, 1889.

DEAR MR. MURRAY:

I have seemed very neglectful of your letter, but not from any fault of my own. I at once set about getting the information you desired. For the China-tree I asked Professor Goodal (Dr. Gray's successor) and he sent me this extract from Gray's "Field, Forest and Garden Botany" page 84—"Melia Azederach, Pride of China, china-tree. A favorite oak tree at the South, 30-40 ft. high."

For Chinoak I wrote to Dr. Hammond Trumbull who, as you know, is our highest authority on our native Indian languages. I got no answer. After waiting an unreasonable time, I wrote to Mr. Dudley Warner who is a neighbor of Dr. Trumbull. He saw Dr. T. and wrote to me saying that Dr. T. told him he would answer my letter the next day. But he did not, and has not this day. I am told that this is not unusual with him in his present condition of health. I expect to see Mr. Warner again in a few days and will make another effort.

I send this (as I hope) preliminary report that you may see I have done what I could.

I am much obliged for your kindly wish that I might be sent back to England by our new Administration. There was never the least chance of it (for I am what is called a Mugwump) and I am by no means sure that I should have wished it. England is as kind to me as if I had a public position and I like being my own man.

Faithfully yours,
J. R. LOWELL.

The letter of Charles Dudley Warner which I have just taken out of the mahogany box speaks for itself:

HARTFORD, Feb. 27th, 1871.

DEAR MR. OSGOOD:

... I am doing a good deal of work now, but on demand, and too much to have any of it good. If I get more relief from my own paper, I mean to try something better, when the sap starts in the trees. The "Back Log Studies" will probably amount to nothing more than one magazine article.

The "Sorrento Days" papers were given to Mr. Hale last July, with liberty to use all or any, and nothing was ever said about pay or liberty of republication.

As to my future publication, of which I have no present idea, let me assure you that I should hope anything I might have would be thought worthy of your imprint, and I should not desire, and know I could not have any better relations. I thank you for your suggestion about the right of publication and shall keep it in mind, if occasion arises.

I want to say to you, however, personally, and in confidence, that I do not feel much like being put up again immediately for the sneers of Mr. H. in so conspicuous a place as the "Atlantic." I have not the least ill feeling against anyone for not liking the book. If it is not funny to him, that is the end of it. The book has been overpraised. I have winced under it, for I know pretty well what it is. But it does give people innocent pleasure. That I know from letters from strangers in every mail, and from men and women of the best culture in the country. The book is slight, but it is not pretentious, nor was it put out in any pretentious way. The *Atlantic* is the first to insinuate that. I felt myself, that there was enough of the book, tho' I was urged here and elsewhere to make it bigger. The critic is probably right in saying that more would have been intolerable. But a good-humored man would hardly have said it, unless there is more evidence of conceit and presumption in the book than seems to me. Perhaps it will turn out that I ought to have credit for hitting the exact spot between satisfaction—even let us say endurance—and disgust—what Jack Ketch's rogue in the pillory, when the wooden necklace is put on, calls the exact point between ornament and strangulation.

Forgive, once for all, this mild grumble and believe me

Cordially yours,
CHAS. D. WARNER.

Naturally, after reading this, I was somewhat curious as to the nature of the review which had so roused the peaceful author's ire. Turning to a file of the *Atlantic* I found, in the number for March, 1871, a short review of Warner's book, "My Summer Garden." Compared with reviews nowadays this one was as milk to strong wine. I quote two or three of the most severe passages:

We may suspect Mr. Warner of setting formally at work to raise a laugh rather than any other crop in his garden, and yet not refuse to be amused by its history. . . . His book is light and easy to be

I am much obliged by your friendly wish that I might be sent back to England by our new Administration. There was never the least chance of it (for I am what is called a hugewump) & I am by no means sure that I should have wished it. England is as kind to me as if I held a public position & I like being my own man.

Faithfully yours

J. R. Lowell

FACSIMILE OF THE MS. OF J. R. LOWELL

read, and it is embued with a humor which, if not very subtle, is nearly always pleasant. Perhaps the material of the book is a trifle extenuated and perhaps not,—so much depends on the mood of the reader. It is slight certainly and would be intolerable otherwise; and it will fare better in our readers' hands without coming to them overpraised by us.

Oliver Wendell Holmes writes in a very pleasant and an exceedingly modest vein to the late Dr. Henry Morton, first president of Stevens Institute, who some years ago presented this letter to me:

BOSTON, Dec. 6th, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have heard from Mr. Sellers and have read in the Philadelphia papers, of your most admirable lectures. I feel very much obliged to you for the attention you have just shown me in giving me the opportunity of learning further of your scientific labors. I have Mr. Rutherford's large photograph, and am delighted to get the engraving with the *key* to it which you send me. I have also been reading your papers about the moon with great interest. It is a subject of which I know little, but about which I am very curious. I wish you would do as much

for the *sun*, which seems to be testing the sagacity of astronomers and physicists just now to a great extent.

I do not consider that I have any claim to be so kindly treated by my distant friends who have distinguished themselves in branches of which I know little. I can only fall back upon my *stereoscope*, the history of which you will find in one of the next numbers of the *Philadelphia Photographer*. It is the simplest of simplifications, but is running a curious career of success. As I gave it away without trying to make money out of it I may perhaps be allowed an humble place among the benefactors of mankind—by the side of that famous personage who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and that other famous personage who found that a straw would tickle a man and thus become an instrument of happiness.

Thanking you once more, very cordially, for your kind attention, I am my dear sir, very truly yours,
O. W. HOLMES.

Whittier was pre-eminently a poet of the people. He was one of them, and the themes of most of his poems were taken from incidents in the everyday life which they could so easily understand. Though he never attained the world-wide reputation of Long-

MS. A. 9.2.13

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Cummington, Massachusetts.
August 28th 1876.

~~Dear Mr. Bryant~~

You are in the right. The musician should have been remembered in my poem, as well as the sculptor, but I find that I have omitted others also - the architect swept away while his edifice is rising from the foundation stones, and the astronomer in the act of gazing at the stars. I will see whether I can give them a place hereafter.

Yours respectfully
W. C. Bryant

~~W. C. Bryant~~

FACSIMILE OF W. C. BRYANT'S MS.

fellow, he was quite as popular among his countrymen who knew him as their friend as well as their favorite poet. This letter to Lucy Larcom, the poetess, lacks the date, but was probably written soon after the war.

What are we coming to? The look of things at Washington is a little startling. God save us from more bloodshed! How fearfully we are punished for our folly in electing Johnson!

I could give a great many more of

these letters, but a halt must be called somewhere. They are all interesting and tempt one to be garrulous, a common failing of collectors when discussing their treasures. I can only take leave of the reader with the hope that they have been as interesting to him as they have to me; and if I have been more than ordinarily diffuse, I may perhaps be pardoned because my enthusiasm has gotten the better of my judgment.

The Lion and the Mouse:

A Story of American Life To-Day*

By CHARLES KLEIN

Novelized from the Play, by ARTHUR HORNBLow

XIII

Shirley entered upon her new duties in the Ryder household two days later. She had returned to her rooms the evening of her meeting with the financier in a state bordering upon hysteria. The day's events had been so extraordinary that it seemed to her they could not be real, and that she must be in a dream. The car ride to Seventy-fourth Street, the interview in the library, the discovery of her father's letters, the offer to write the biography, and, what to her was still more important, the invitation to go and live in the Ryder home—all these incidents were so remarkable and unusual that it was only with difficulty that the girl persuaded herself that they were not figments of a disordered brain.

But it was all true enough. The next morning's mail brought a letter from Mrs. Ryder, who wrote to the effect that Mr. Ryder would like the work to begin at once, and adding that a suite of rooms would be ready for her the following afternoon. Shirley did not hesitate. Everything was to be gained by making the Ryder residence her headquarters; her father's very life depended upon the successful outcome of her present mission, and this unhopèd-for opportunity practically insured success. She immediately wrote to Massapequa. One letter was to her mother, saying that she was extending her visit beyond the time originally planned. The other letter was to Stott. She told him all about the interview with Ryder, informed him of the discovery of the letters, and, after explaining the nature of the work offered to her, said that her address for the next few weeks

would be in care of John Burkett Ryder. All was going better than she had dared to hope. Everything seemed to favor their plan. Her first step, of course, while in the Ryder home, would be to secure possession of her father's letters, and these she would dispatch at once to Massapequa, so they could be laid before the Senate without delay.

So, after settling accounts with her landlady and packing up her few belongings, Shirley lost no time in transferring herself to the more luxurious quarters provided for her in the ten-million-dollar mansion uptown.

At the Ryder house she was received cordially and with every mark of consideration. The housekeeper came down to the main hall to greet her when she arrived and escorted her to the suite of rooms, comprising a small working library, a bedroom simply but daintily furnished in pink and white, and a private bathroom, which had been specially prepared for her convenience and comfort, and here presently she was joined by Mrs. Ryder.

"Dear me," exclaimed the financier's wife, staring curiously at Shirley, "what a young girl you are to have made such a stir with a book! How did you do it? I'm sure I could n't. It's as much as I can do to write a letter, and half the time that's not legible."

"Oh, it wasn't so hard," laughed Shirley. "It was the subject that appealed rather than any special skill of mine. The trusts and their misdeeds are the favorite topics of the hour. The whole country is talking about nothing else. My book came at the right time, that's all."

* Copyright, 1906, by G. W. Dillingham Company

Although "The American Octopus" was a direct attack on her own husband, Mrs. Ryder secretly admired this young woman, who had dared to speak a few blunt truths. It was a courage which, alas! she had always lacked herself, but there was a certain satisfaction in knowing there were women in the world not entirely cowed by the tyrant Man.

"I have always wanted a daughter," went on Mrs. Ryder, becoming confidential, while Shirley removed her things and made herself at home; "girls of your age are so companionable." Then, abruptly, she asked: "Do your parents live in New York?"

Shirley's face flushed and she stooped over her trunk to hide her embarrassment.

"No—not at present," she answered evasively. "My mother and father are in the country."

She was afraid that more questions of a personal nature would follow, but apparently Mrs. Ryder was not in an inquisitive mood, for she asked nothing further. She only said:

"I have a son, but I don't see much of him. You must meet my Jefferson. He is such a nice boy."

Shirley tried to look unconcerned as she replied:

"I met him yesterday. Mr. Ryder introduced him to me."

"Poor lad, he has his troubles, too," went on Mrs. Ryder. "He's in love with a girl, but his father wants him to marry some one else. They're quarrelling over it all the time."

"Parents should n't interfere in matters of the heart," said Shirley decisively. "What is more serious than the choosing of a life companion, and who are better entitled to make a free selection than they who are going to spend the rest of their days together? Of course, it is a father's duty to give his son the benefit of his riper experience, but to insist on a marriage based only on business interests is little less than a crime. There are considerations more important if the union is to be a happy or a lasting one. The chief thing is that the man should feel real attachment for the woman he

marries. Two people who are to live together as man and wife must be compatible in tastes and temper. You cannot mix oil and water. It is these selfish marriages which keep our divorce courts busy. Money alone won't buy happiness in marriage."

"No," sighed Mrs. Ryder, "no one knows that better than I."

The financier's wife was already most favorably impressed with her guest, and she chatted on as if she had known Shirley for years. It was rarely that she had heard so young a woman express such common-sense views, and the more she talked with her the less surprised she was that she was the author of a much-discussed book. Finally, thinking that Shirley might prefer to be alone, she rose to go, bidding her make herself thoroughly at home and to ring for anything she might wish. A maid had been assigned to look exclusively after her wants, and she could have her meals served in her room or else have them with the family, as she liked. But Shirley, not caring to encounter Mr. Ryder's cold, searching stare more often than necessary, said she would prefer to take her meals alone.

Left to herself, Shirley settled down to work in earnest. Mr. Ryder had sent to her room all the material for the biography, and soon she was completely absorbed in the task of sorting and arranging letters, making extracts from records, compiling data, etc., laying the foundations for the important book she was to write. She wondered what they would call it, and she smiled as a peculiarly appropriate title flashed through her mind—"The History of a Crime." Yet she thought they could hardly infringe on Victor Hugo; perhaps the best title was the simplest, "The History of the Empire Trading Company." Every one would understand that it told the story of John Burkett Ryder's remarkable career from his earliest beginnings to the present time. She worked feverishly all that evening getting the material into shape, and the following day found her early at her desk. No one disturbed her and she wrote steadily

on until noon, Mrs. Ryder only once putting her head in the door to wish her good morning.

After luncheon, Shirley decided that the weather was too glorious to remain indoors. Her health must not be jeopardized even to advance the interests of the Colossus, so she put on her hat and left the house to go for a walk. The air smelled sweet to her after being confined so long indoors, and she walked with a more elastic and buoyant step than she had since her return home. Turning down Fifth Avenue, she entered the park at Seventy-second Street, following the pathway until she came to the bend in the driveway opposite the Casino. The park was almost deserted at that hour, and there was a delightful sense of solitude and a sweet scent of new-mown hay from the freshly-cut lawns. She found an empty bench, well shaded by an overspreading tree, and sat down, grateful for the rest and quiet.

She wondered what Jefferson thought of her action in coming to his father's house practically in disguise and under an assumed name. She must see him at once, for in him lay her hope of obtaining possession of the letters. Certainly she felt no delicacy or compunction in asking Jefferson to do her this service. The letters belonged to her father, and they were being wrongfully withheld with the deliberate purpose of doing him an injury. She had a moral if not a legal right to recover the letters in any way that she could.

She was so deeply engrossed in her thoughts that she had not noticed a hansom cab which suddenly drew up with a jerk at the curb opposite her bench. A man jumped out. It was Jefferson.

"Hello, Shirley," he cried gaily; "who would have expected to find you rusticated on a bench here? I pictured you grinding away at home doing literary stunts for the governor." He grinned and then added: "Come for a drive. I want to talk with you."

Shirley demurred. No, she could not spare the time. Yet, she thought to herself, why was not this a good

opportunity to explain to Jefferson how he came to find her in his father's library masquerading under another name, and also to ask him to secure the letters for her? While she pondered Jefferson insisted, and a few minutes later she found herself sitting beside him in the cab. They started off at a brisk pace, Shirley sitting with her head back, enjoying the strong breeze caused by the rapid motion.

"Now tell me," he said, "what does all this mean? I was so startled at seeing you in the library the other day that I almost betrayed you. How did you come to call on father?"

Briefly Shirley explained everything. She told him how Mr. Ryder had written to her asking her to call and see him, and how she had eagerly seized at this last straw in the hope of helping her father. She told him about the letters, explaining how necessary they were for her father's defence and how she had discovered them. Mr. Ryder, she said, had seemed to take a fancy to her and had asked her to remain in the house as his guest while she was compiling his biography, and she had accepted the offer, not so much for the amount of money involved as for the splendid opportunity it afforded her to gain possession of the letters.

"So that is the mysterious work you spoke of—to get those letters?" said Jefferson.

"Yes, that is my mission. It was a secret. I could n't tell you; I could n't tell any one. Only Judge Stott knows. He is aware I have found them and is hourly expecting to receive them from me. And now," she said, "I want your help."

His only answer was to grasp tighter the hand she had laid in his. She knew that she would not have to explain the nature of the service she wanted. He understood.

"Where are the letters?" he demanded.

"In the left-hand drawer of your father's desk," she answered.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he said simply:

"I will get them."

The cab by this time had got as far as Claremont, and from the hill summit they had a splendid view of the broad sweep of the majestic Hudson and the towering walls of the blue Palisades. The day was so beautiful and the air so invigorating that Jefferson suggested a ramble along the banks of the river. They could leave the cab at Claremont and drive back to the city later. Shirley was too grateful to him for his promise of co-operation to make any further opposition, and soon they were far away from beaten highways, down on the banks of the historic stream, picking flowers and laughing merrily like two truant children bent on a self-made holiday. The place they had reached was just outside the northern boundaries of Harlem, a sylvan spot still unspoiled by the rude invasion of the flat-house builder. The land, thickly wooded, sloped down sharply to the water, and the perfect quiet was broken only by the washing of the tiny surf against the river bank and the shrill notes of the birds in the trees.

Although it was late in October the day was warm, and Shirley soon tired of climbing over bramble-entangled verdure. The rich grass under foot looked cool and inviting, and the natural slope of the ground afforded an ideal resting-place; she sat there, with Jefferson stretched out at her feet, both watching idly the dancing waters of the broad Hudson, spangled with gleams of light, as they swept swiftly by on their journey to the sea.

"Shirley," said Jefferson suddenly, "I suppose you saw that ridiculous story about my alleged engagement to Miss Roberts. I hope you understood that it was done without my consent."

"If I did not guess it, Jeff," she answered, "your assurance would be sufficient. Besides," she added, "what right have I to object?"

"But I want you to have the right," he replied earnestly. "I'm going to stop this Roberts nonsense in a way my father hardly anticipates. I'm just waiting a chance to talk with him. I'll show him the absurdity of

announcing me engaged to a girl who is about to elope with his private secretary!"

"Elope with the secretary?" exclaimed Shirley.

Jefferson told her all about the letter he had found on the staircase, and the Hon. Fitzroy Bagley's plans for a runaway marriage with the senator's wealthy daughter.

"It's a godsend to me," he said gleefully. "Their plan is to get married next Wednesday. I'll see my father on Tuesday; I'll put the evidence in his hands, and I don't think," he added grimly, "he'll bother me any more about Miss Roberts."

"So you're not going away now?" said Shirley, smiling down at him.

He sat up and leaned over towards her.

"I can't, Shirley, I simply can't," he replied, his voice trembling. "You are more to me than I dreamed a woman could ever be. I realize it more forcibly every day. There is no use fighting against it. Without you, my work, my life means nothing."

Shirley shook her head and averted her eyes.

"Don't let us speak of that, Jeff," she pleaded gently. "I told you I did not belong to myself while my father was in peril."

"But I must speak of it," he interrupted. "Shirley, you do yourself an injustice as well as me. You are not indifferent to me—I feel that. Then why raise this barrier between us?"

A soft light stole into the girl's eyes. Ah, it was good to feel there was some one to whom she was everything in the world!

"Don't ask me to betray my trust, Jeff," she faltered. "You know I am not indifferent to you—far from it. But I—"

He came closer until his face nearly touched hers.

"I love you—I want you," he murmured feverishly. "Give me the right to claim you before all the world as my future wife!"

Every note of his rich, manly voice, vibrating with impetuous passion, sounded in Shirley's ear like a soft

caress. She closed her eyes. A strange feeling of languor was stealing over her, a mysterious thrill passed through her whole body. The eternal, inevitable sex instinct was disturbing, for the first time, a woman whose life had been singularly free from such influences, putting to flight all the calculations and resolves her cooler judgment had made. The sensuous charm of the place—the distant splash of the water, the singing of the birds, the fragrance of the trees and grass—all these symbols of the joy of life conspired to arouse the love-hunger of the woman. Why, after all, should she not know happiness like other women? She had a sacred duty to perform, it was true; but would it be less well done because she declined to stifle the natural leanings of her womanhood? Both her soul and her body called out: "Let this man love you, give yourself to him, he is worthy of your love."

Half unconsciously, she listened to his ardent wooing, her eyes shut, as he spoke quickly, passionately, his breath warm upon her cheek.

"Shirley, I offer you all the devotion a man can give a woman. Say the one word that will make me the happiest or the most wretched of men. Yes or no! Only think well before you wreck my life. I love you—I love you! I will wait for you if need be until the crack of doom. Say—say you will be my wife!"

She opened her eyes. His face was bent close over hers. Their lips almost touched.

"Yes, Jefferson," she murmured, "I do love you!"

His lips met hers in a long, passionate kiss. Her eyes closed and an ecstatic thrill seemed to convulse her entire being. The birds in the trees overhead sang a more joyous chorus in celebration of the betrothal.

XIV

It was nearly seven o'clock when Shirley got back to Seventy-fourth Street. No one saw her come in, and she went direct to her room, and after

a hasty dinner worked until late into the night on her book to make up for lost time. The events of the afternoon caused her considerable uneasiness. She reproached herself for her weakness and for having yielded so readily to the impulse of the moment. She had said only what was the truth when she admitted she loved Jefferson, but what right had she to dispose of her future while her father's fate was still uncertain? Her conscience troubled her, and when she came to reason it out calmly, the more impossible seemed their union from every point of view. How could she become the daughter-in-law of the man who had ruined her own father? The idea was preposterous, and, hard as the sacrifice would be, Jefferson must be made to see it in that light. Their engagement was the greatest folly; it bound each of them when nothing but unhappiness could possibly come of it. She was sure now that she loved Jefferson. It would be hard to give him up, but there are times and circumstances when duty and principle must prevail over all other considerations, and this she felt was one of them.

The following morning she received a letter from Stott. He was delighted to hear the good news regarding her important discovery, and he urged her to lose no time in securing the letters and forwarding them to Massapequa, when he would immediately go to Washington and lay them before the Senate. Documentary evidence of that conclusive nature, he went on to say, would prove of the very highest value in clearing her father's name. He added that the judge and her mother were as well as circumstances would permit, and that they were not in the least worried about her protracted absence. Her Aunt Milly had already returned to Europe, and Eudoxia still was threatening to leave daily.

Shirley needed no urging. She quite realized the importance of acting quickly, but it was not easy to get at the letters. The library was usually kept locked when the great man was away, and on the few occasions when

access to it was possible, the lynx-eyed Mr. Bagley was always on guard. Short as had been her stay in the Ryder household, Shirley already shared Jefferson's antipathy to the English secretary, whose manner grew more supercilious and overbearing as he drew nearer the date when he expected to run off with one of the richest catches of the season. He had not sought the acquaintance of his employer's biographer since her arrival, and, with the exception of a rude stare, had not deigned to notice her, which attitude of haughty indifference was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the Hon. Fitzroy usually left nothing unturned to cultivate a flirtatious intimacy with every attractive female he met. The truth was that, what with Mr. Ryder's demands upon his services and his own preparations for his coming matrimonial venture, in which he had so much at stake, he had neither time nor inclination to indulge his customary amorous diversions.

Miss Roberts had called at the house several times, ostensibly to see Mrs. Ryder, and when introduced to Shirley she had condescended to give the latter a supercilious nod. Her conversation was generally of the silly, vacuous sort, concerning chiefly new dresses or bonnets, and Shirley at once read her character—frivolous, amusement-loving, empty-headed, irresponsible—just the kind of a girl to do something foolish without weighing the consequences. After chatting a few moments with Mrs. Ryder she would usually vanish, and one day, after one of these mysterious disappearances, Shirley happened to pass the library and caught sight of her and Mr. Bagley conversing in subdued and eager tones. It was very evident that the elopement scheme was fast maturing. If the scandal was to be prevented, Jefferson ought to see his father and acquaint him with the facts without delay. It was probable that at the same time he would make an effort to secure the letters. Meantime she must be patient. Too much hurry might spoil everything.

So the days passed, Shirley devoting almost all her time to the history she had undertaken. She saw nothing of Ryder, Sr., but a good deal of his wife, to whom she soon became much attached. She found her an amiable, good-natured woman, entirely free from that offensive arrogance and patronizing condescension which usually marks the parvenu as distinct from the thoroughbred. Mrs. Ryder had no claims to distinguished lineage; on the contrary, she was the daughter of a country grocer when the then rising oil man married her, and of educational advantages she had little or none. It was purely by accident that she was the wife of the richest man in the world, and, while she enjoyed the prestige her husband's prominence gave her, she never allowed it to turn her head. She gave away large sums for charitable purposes, and, strange to say, when the gift came direct from her, the money was never returned on the plea that it was "tainted." She shared her husband's dislike for entertaining, and led practically the life of a recluse. The advent of Shirley, therefore, into her quiet and uneventful existence was as welcome as sunshine when it breaks through the clouds after days of gloom. Quite a friendship sprang up between the two women, and when tired of writing, Shirley would go into Mrs. Ryder's room and chat until the financier's wife began to look forward to these little impromptu visits, so much she enjoyed them.

Nothing more had been said concerning Jefferson and Miss Roberts. The young man had not yet seen his father, but his mother knew he was only waiting an opportunity to demand an explanation of the engagement announcements. Her husband, on the other hand, desired the match more than ever, owing to the continued importunities of Senator Roberts. As usual, Mrs. Ryder confided these little domestic troubles to Shirley.

"Jefferson," she said, "is very angry. He is determined not to marry the girl, and when he and his father do meet there'll be another scene."

"What objection has your son to Miss Roberts?" inquired Shirley innocently.

"Oh, the usual reason," sighed the mother, "and I've no doubt he knows best. He's in love with another girl—a Miss Rossmore."

"Oh, yes," answered Shirley simply. "Mr. Ryder spoke of her."

Mrs. Ryder was silent, and presently she left the girl alone with her work.

The next afternoon Shirley was in her room busy writing when there came a tap at her door. Thinking it was another visit from Mrs. Ryder, she did not look up, but cried out pleasantly:

"Come in."

John Ryder entered. He smiled cordially and, as if apologizing for the intrusion, said amiably:

"I thought I'd run up and see how you were getting along."

His coming was so unexpected that for a moment Shirley was startled, but she quickly regained her composure and asked him to take a seat. He seemed pleased to find her making such good progress, and he stopped to answer a number of questions she put to him. Shirley tried to be cordial, but when she looked well at him and noted the keen, hawk-like eyes, the cruel, vindictive lines about the mouth, the square-set, relentless jaw—Wall Street had gone wrong with the Colossus that day and he was still wearing his war paint—she recalled the wrong this man had done her father and she felt how bitterly she hated him. The more her mind dwelt upon it, the more exasperated she was to think she should be there, a guest, under his roof, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that she remained civil.

"What is the moral of your life?" she demanded bluntly.

He was quick to note the contemptuous tone in her voice, and he gave her a keen, searching look as if he were trying to read her thoughts and fathom the reason for her very evident hostility towards him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean, what can you show as your life work? Most men whose lives

are big enough to call for biographies have done something useful—they have been famous statesmen, eminent scientists, celebrated authors, great inventors. What have you done?"

The question appeared to stagger him. The audacity of any one putting such a question to a man in his own house was incredible. He squared his jaws and his clenched fist descended heavily on the table.

"What have I done?" he cried. "I have built up the greatest fortune ever accumulated by one man. My fabulous wealth has caused my name to spread to the four corners of the earth. Is that not an achievement to relate to future generations?"

Shirley gave a little shrug of her shoulders.

"Future generations will take no interest in your or your millions," she said calmly. "Our civilization will have made such progress by that time that people will merely wonder why we, in our day, tolerated men of your class so long. Now it is different. The world is money-mad. You are a person of importance in the eyes of the unthinking multitude, but it only envies you your fortune; it does not admire you personally. When you die people will count your millions, not your good deeds."

He laughed cynically and drew up a chair near her desk. As a general thing, John Ryder never wasted words on women. He had but a poor opinion of their mentality, and considered it beneath the dignity of any man to enter into serious argument with a woman. In fact, it was seldom he condescended to argue with any one. He gave orders and talked to people; he had no patience to be talked to. Yet he found himself listening with interest to this young woman who expressed herself so frankly. It was a decided novelty for him to hear the truth.

"What do I care what the world says when I'm dead?" he asked with a forced laugh.

"You do care," replied Shirley gravely. "You may school yourself to believe that you are indifferent to

the good opinion of your fellow-man, but right down in your heart you do care—every man does, whether he be multi-millionaire or a sneak thief."

"You class the two together, I notice," he said bitterly.

"It is often a distinction without a difference," she rejoined promptly.

He remained silent for a moment or two toying nervously with a paper knife. Then, arrogantly, and as if anxious to impress her with his importance, he said:

"Most men would be satisfied if they had accomplished what I have. Do you realize that my wealth is so vast that I scarcely know myself what I am worth? What my fortune will be in another fifty years staggers the imagination. Yet I started with nothing. I made it all myself. Surely I should get credit for that."

"How did you make it?" retorted Shirley.

"In America we don't ask how a man makes his money; we ask if he has got any."

"You are mistaken," replied Shirley earnestly. "America is waking up. The conscience of the nation is being aroused. We are coming to realize that the scandals of the last few years were only the fruit of public indifference to sharp business practice. The people will soon ask the dishonest rich man where he got it, and there will have to be an accounting. What account will you be able to give?"

He bit his lip and looked at her for a moment without replying. Then, with a faint suspicion of a sneer, he said:

"You are a socialist—perhaps an anarchist."

"Only the ignorant commit the blunder of confounding the two," she retorted. "Anarchy is a disease; socialism is a science."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed mockingly, "I thought the terms were synonymous. The world regards them both as insane."

Herself an enthusiastic convert to the new political faith that was rising like a flood tide all over the world, the contemptuous tone in which this pluto-

crat spoke of the coming reorganization of society which was destined to destroy him and his kind spurred her on to renewed argument.

"I imagine," she said sarcastically, "that you would hardly approve any social reform which threatened to interfere with your own business methods. But no matter how you disapprove of socialism on general principles, as a leader of the capitalist class you should understand what socialism is, and not confuse one of the most important movements in modern world-history with the crazy theories of irresponsible cranks. The anarchists are the natural enemies of the entire human family, and would destroy it were their dangerous doctrines permitted to prevail; the socialists, on the contrary, are seeking to save mankind from the degradation, the crime, and the folly into which such men as you have driven it."

She spoke impetuously, with the inspired exaltation of a prophet delivering a message to the people. Ryder listened, concealing his impatience with uneasy little coughs.

"Yes," she went on, "I am a socialist, and I am proud of it. The whole world is slowly drifting toward socialism as the only remedy for the actual intolerable conditions. It may not come in our time, but it will come as surely as the sun will rise and set tomorrow. Has not the flag of socialism waved recently from the White House? Has not a President of the United States declared that the State must eventually curb the great fortunes? What is that but socialism?"

"True," retorted Ryder grimly, "and that little speech intended for the benefit of the gallery will cost him the nomination at the next Presidential election. We don't want in the White House a President who stirs up class hatred. Our rich men have a right to what is their own; that is guaranteed them by the Constitution."

"Is it their own?" interrupted Shirley.

Ryder ignored the insinuation and proceeded:

"What of our boasted free institu-

tions if a man is to be restricted in what he may and may not do? If I am clever enough to accumulate millions who can stop me?"

"The people will stop you," said Shirley calmly. "It is only a question of time. Their patience is about exhausted. Put your ear to the ground and listen to the distant rumbling of the tempest which, sooner or later, will be unchained in this land, provoked by the iniquitous practices of organized capital. The people have had enough of the extortions of the trusts. One day they will rise in their wrath and seize by the throat this knavish plutocracy which, confident in the power of its wealth to procure legal immunity and reckless of its danger, persists in robbing the public daily. But retribution is at hand. The growing discontent of the proletariat, the ever-increasing strikes and labor disputes of all kinds, the clamor against the railroads and the trusts, the evidence of collusion between both—all this is the writing on the wall. The capitalistic system is doomed; socialism will succeed it."

"What is socialism?" he demanded scornfully. "What will it give the public that it has not got already?"

Shirley, who never neglected an opportunity to make a convert, no matter how hardened he might be, picked up a little pamphlet printed for propaganda purposes which she had that morning received by mail.

"Here," she said, "is one of the best and clearest definitions of socialism I have ever read:

"Socialism is common ownership of natural resources and public utilities, and the common operation of all industries for the general good. Socialism is opposed to monopoly, that is, to private ownership of land and the instruments of labor, which is indirect ownership of men; to the wages system, by which labor is legally robbed of a large part of the product of labor; to competition, with its enormous waste of effort and its opportunities for the spoliation of the weak by the strong. Socialism is industrial democracy. It is the government of the people by the

people and for the people, not in the present restricted sense, but as regards all the common interests of men. Socialism is opposed to oligarchy and monarchy, and therefore to the tyrannies of business cliques and money kings. Socialism is for freedom, not only from the fear of force, but from the fear of want. Socialism proposes real liberty,—not merely the right to vote, but the liberty to live for something more than meat and drink.

"Socialism is righteousness in the relations of men. It is based on the fundamentals of religion, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. It seeks through association and equality to realize eternity. Socialism will destroy the motives which make for cheap manufactures, poor workmanship, and adulterations; it will secure the real utility of things. Use, not exchange, will be the object of labor. Things will be made to serve, not to sell. Socialism will banish war, for private ownership is back of strife between men. Socialism will purify politics, for private capitalism is the great source of political corruption. Socialism will make for education, invention, and discovery; it will stimulate the moral development of men. Crime will have lost most of its motive and pauperism will have no excuse. That," said Shirley, as she concluded, "is socialism!"

Ryder shrugged his shoulders and rose to go.

"Delightful," he said ironically, "but in my judgment wholly utopian and impracticable. It's nothing but a gigantic pipe dream. It won't come in this generation nor in ten generations if, indeed, it is ever taken seriously by a majority big enough to put its theories to the test. Socialism does not take into account two great factors that move the world—men's passions and human ambition. If you eliminate ambition you remove the strongest incentive to individual effort. From your own account a socialistic world would be a dreadfully tame place to live in—everybody depressingly good, without any of the feverish turmoil of life as we know it. Such a

world would not appeal to me at all. I love the fray—the daily battle of gain and loss, the excitement of making or losing millions. That is my life!”

“Yet what good is your money to you?” insisted Shirley. “You are able to spend only an infinitesimal part of it. You cannot even give it away, for nobody will have any of it.”

“Money!” he hissed rather than spoke, “I hate money. It means nothing to me. I have so much that I have lost all idea of its value. I go on accumulating it for only one purpose. It buys power. I love power—that is my passion, my ambition, to rule the world with my gold. Do you know,” he went on and leaning over the desk in a dramatic attitude, “that if I chose I could start a panic in Wall Street to-morrow that would shake to their foundations every financial institution in the country? Do you know that I practically control the Congress of the United States and that no legislative measure becomes law unless it has my approval?”

“The public has long suspected as much,” replied Shirley. “That is why you are looked upon as a menace to the stability and honesty of our political and commercial life.”

An angry answer rose to his lips, when the door opened and Mrs. Ryder entered.

“I’ve been looking for you, John,” she said peevishly. “Mr. Bagley told me you were somewhere in the house. Senator Roberts is downstairs.”

“He’s come about Jefferson and his daughter, I suppose,” muttered Ryder. “Well, I’ll see him. Where is he?”

“In the library. Kate came with him. She’s in my room.”

They left Shirley to her writing, and when he had closed the door the financier turned to his wife and said impatiently:

“Now, what are we going to do about Jefferson and Kate? The senator insists on the matter of their marriage being settled one way or another. Where is Jefferson?”

“He came in about half an hour ago. He was upstairs to see me, and

I thought he was looking for you,” answered his wife.

“Well,” replied Ryder determinedly, “he and I have got to understand each other. This can’t go on. It sha’n’t.”

Mrs. Ryder put her hand on his arm, and said pleadingly:

“Don’t be impatient with the boy, John. Remember he is all we have. He is so unhappy. He wants to please us, but—”

“But he insists on pleasing himself,” said Ryder, completing the sentence.

“I’m afraid, John, that his liking for that Miss Rossmore is more serious than you realize—”

The financier stamped his foot and replied angrily:

“Miss Rossmore! That name seems to confront me at every turn—for years the father, now the daughter! I’m sorry, my dear,” he went on more calmly, “that you seem inclined to listen to Jefferson. It only encourages him in his attitude towards me. Kate would make him an excellent wife, while what do we know about the other woman? Are you willing to sacrifice your son’s future to a mere boyish whim?”

Mrs. Ryder sighed.

“It’s very hard,” she said, “for a mother to know what to advise. Miss Green says—”

“What!” exclaimed her husband, “you have consulted Miss Green on the subject?”

“Yes,” answered his wife, “I don’t know how I came to tell her, but I did. I seem to tell her everything. I find her such a comfort, John. I have n’t had an attack of nerves since that girl has been in the house.”

“She is certainly a superior woman,” admitted Ryder. “I wish she’d ward that Rossmore girl off. I wish she—” He stopped abruptly as if not venturing to give expression to his thoughts, even to his wife. Then he said: “If she were Kate Roberts she would n’t let Jeff slip through her fingers.”

“I have often wished,” went on Mrs. Ryder, “that Kate were more like Shirley Green. I don’t think we would have any difficulty with Jeff then.”

"Kate is the daughter of Senator Roberts, and if this marriage is broken off in any way without the senator's consent, he is in a position to injure my interests materially. If you see Jefferson send him to me in the library. I'll go and keep Roberts in good humor until he comes."

He went down-stairs and Mrs. Ryder proceeded to her apartments, where she found Jefferson chatting with Kate. She at once delivered Ryder, Sr.'s message.

"Jeff, your father wants to see you in the library."

"Yes, I want to see him," answered the young man grimly, and after a few moments more badinage with Kate he left the room.

It was not a mere coincidence that had brought Senator Roberts and his daughter and the financier's son all together under the Ryder roof at the same time. It was part of Jefferson's well-prepared plan to expose the rascality of his father's secretary, and at the same time rid himself of the embarrassing entanglement with Kate Roberts. If the senator were confronted publicly with the fact that his daughter, while keeping up the fiction of being engaged to Ryder, Jr., was really preparing to run off with the Hon. Fitzroy Bagley, he would have no alternative but to retire gracefully under fire and relinquish all idea of a marriage alliance with the house of Ryder. The critical moment had arrived. To-morrow, Wednesday, was the day fixed for the elopement. The secretary's little game had gone far enough. The time had come for action. So Jefferson had written to Senator Roberts, who was in Washington, asking him if it would be convenient for him to come at once to New York and meet himself and his father on a matter of importance. The senator naturally jumped to the conclusion that Jefferson and Ryder had reached an amicable understanding, and he immediately hurried to New York and with his daughter came round to Seventy-fourth Street.

When Ryder, Sr. entered the library, Senator Roberts was striding nervously

up and down the room. This, he felt, was an important day. The ambition of his life seemed on the point of being attained.

"Hello, Roberts," was Ryder's cheerful greeting. "What's brought you from Washington at a critical time like this? The Rossmore impeachment needs every friend we have."

"Just as if you didn't know," smiled the senator uneasily, "that I am here by appointment to meet you and your son!"

"To meet me and my son?" echoed Ryder astonished.

The senator, perplexed and beginning to feel real alarm, showed the financier Jefferson's letter. Ryder read it and he looked pleased.

"That's all right," he said, "if the lad asked you to meet us here it can mean only one thing—that at last he has made up his mind to this marriage."

"That's what I thought," replied the senator, breathing more freely.

"I was sorry to leave Washington at such a time, but I'm a father, and Kate is more to me than the Rossmore impeachment. Besides, to see her married to your son Jefferson is one of the dearest wishes of my life."

"You can rest easy," said Ryder; "that is practically settled. Jefferson's sending for you proves that he is now ready to meet my wishes. He'll be here any minute. How is the Rossmore case progressing?"

"Not so well as it might," growled the senator. "There's a lot of maudlin sympathy for the judge. He's a pretty sick man by all accounts, and the newspapers seem to be taking his part. One or two of the Western senators are talking corporate influence and trust legislation, but when it comes to a vote the matter will be settled on party lines."

"That means that Judge Rossmore will be removed?" demanded Ryder sternly.

"Yes, with five votes to spare," answered the senator.

"That's not enough," insisted Ryder. "There must be at least twenty. Let there be no blunders, Roberts. The man is a menace to all

the big commercial interests. This thing must go through."

The door opened and Jefferson appeared. On seeing the senator talking with his father, he hesitated on the threshold.

"Come in, Jeff," said his father pleasantly. "You expected to see Senator Roberts, did n't you?"

"Yes, sir. How do you do, Senator?" said the young man, advancing into the room.

"I got your letter, my boy, and here I am," said the senator smiling affably. "I suppose we can guess what the business is, eh?"

"That he's going to marry Kate, of course," chimed in Ryder, Sr. "Jeff, my lad, I'm glad you're beginning to see my way of looking at things. You're doing more to please me lately, and I appreciate it. You stayed at home when I asked you to, and now you've made up your mind regarding this marriage."

Jefferson let his father finish his speech, and then he said calmly:

"I think there must be some misapprehension as to the reason for my summoning Senator Roberts to New York. It had nothing to do with my marrying Miss Roberts, but to prevent her marriage with some one else."

"What!" exclaimed Ryder, Sr.

"Marriage with some one else?" echoed the senator. He thought he had not heard aright, yet at the same time he had grave misgivings. "What do you mean, sir?"

Taking from his pocket a copy of the letter he had picked up on the staircase, Jefferson held it out to the girl's father.

"Your daughter is preparing to run away with my father's secretary. Tomorrow would have been too late. That is why I summoned you. Read this."

The senator took the letter, and as he read his face grew ashen and his hand trembled violently. At one blow all his ambitious projects for his daughter had been swept away. The inconsiderate act of a silly, thoughtless girl had spoiled the carefully-laid plans of a lifetime. The only consolation

which remained was that the calamity might have been still more serious. This timely warning had saved his family from perhaps an even greater scandal. He passed the letter in silence to Ryder, Sr.

The financier was a man of few words when the situation called for prompt action. After he had read the letter through, there was an ominous silence. He rang the bell. The butler appeared.

"Tell Mr. Bagley I want him."

The man bowed and disappeared.

"Who the devil is this Bagley?" demanded the senator.

"English—blue blood—no money," was Ryder's laconic answer.

"That's the only kind we seem to get over here," growled the senator.

"We furnish the money—they furnish the blood—damn his blue blood! I don't want any in mine." Turning to Jefferson, he said: "Jefferson, whatever the motives that actuated you, I can only thank you for this warning. I think it would have broken my heart if my girl had gone away with that scoundrel. Of course, under the circumstances, I must abandon all idea of your becoming my son-in-law. I release you from all obligations that you may have felt yourself bound by."

Jefferson bowed and remained silent.

Ryder, Sr. eyed his son closely, an amused expression hovering on his face. After all, it was not so much he who had desired this match as Roberts, and as long as the senator was willing to withdraw, he could make no objection. He wondered what part, if any, his son had played in bringing about this sensational dénouement to a match which had been so distasteful to him, and it gratified his paternal vanity to think that Jefferson, after all, might be smarter than he had given him credit for.

At this juncture Mr. Bagley entered the room. He was a little taken aback at seeing the senator, but, like most men of his class, his self-conceit made him confident of his ability to handle any emergency which might arise, and he had no reason to suspect that this

hasty summons to the library had anything to do with his matrimonial plans.

"Did you ask for me, sir?" he demanded, addressing his employer.

"Yes, Mr. Bagley," replied Ryder, fixing the secretary with a look that filled the latter with misgivings. "What steamers leave to-morrow for England?"

"To-morrow?" echoed Mr. Bagley.

"I said to-morrow," repeated Ryder, slightly raising his voice.

"Let me see," stammered the secretary, "there is the White Star, the North German Lloyd, the Atlantic Transport——"

"Have you any preference?" inquired the financier.

"No, sir, none at all."

"Then you'll go on board one of the ships to-night," said Ryder. "Your things will be packed and sent to you before the steamer sails to-morrow."

The Hon. Fitzroy Bagley, third son of a British peer, did not understand even yet that he was discharged as one dismisses a housemaid caught kissing the policeman. He could not think what Mr. Ryder wanted him to go abroad for unless it were on some matter of business, and it was decidedly inconvenient for him to sail at this time.

"But, sir," he stammered, "I'm afraid—I'm afraid——"

"Yes," rejoined Ryder promptly, "I notice that—your hand is shaking."

"I mean that I——"

"You mean that you have other engagements!" said Ryder sternly.

"Oh, no—no, but——"

"No engagement at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning?" insisted Ryder.

"With my daughter?" chimed in the senator.

Mr. Bagley now understood. He broke out in a cold perspiration and he paled visibly. In the hope that the full extent of his plans was not known, he attempted to brazen it out.

"No, certainly not, under no circumstances," he said.

Ryder, Sr., rang a bell.

"Perhaps she has an engagement with you. We'll ask her." To the butler, who entered, he said: "Tell

Miss Roberts that her father would like to see her here."

The man disappeared and the senator took a hand in cross-examining the now thoroughly uncomfortable secretary.

"So you thought my daughter looked pale and that a little excursion to Buffalo would be a good thing for her? Well, it won't be a good thing for you, young man, I can assure you of that!"

The English aristocrat began to wilt. His assurance of manner quite deserted him and he stammered painfully as he floundered about in excuses.

"Not with me—Oh dear, no," he said.

"You never proposed to run away with my daughter?" cried the irate father.

"Run away with her?" stammered Bagley.

"And marry her?" shouted the senator, shaking his fist at him.

"Oh, I say—this is hardly fair—three against one—really—I'm awfully sorry, eh, what?"

The door opened and Kate Roberts bounced in. She was smiling and full of animal spirits, but on seeing the stern face of her father and the pitiable picture presented by her faithful Fitz she was intelligent enough immediately to scent danger.

"Did you want to see me, father?" she inquired boldly.

"Yes, Kate," answered the senator gravely, "we have just been having a talk with Mr. Bagley, in which you were one of the subjects of conversation. Can you guess what it was?"

The girl looked from her father to Bagley and from him to the Ryders. Her aristocratic lover made a movement forward as if to exculpate himself, but he caught Ryder's eye and remained where he was.

"Well?" she said, with a nervous laugh.

"Is it true," asked the senator, "that you were about to marry this man secretly?"

She cast down her eyes and answered:

"I suppose you know everything."

"Have you anything to add?" asked her father sternly.

"No," said Kate, shaking her head. "It's true. We intended to run away, did n't we, Fitz?"

"Never mind about Mr. Bagley," thundered her father. "Have n't you a word of shame for this disgrace you have brought upon me?"

"Oh, papa, don't be so cross. Jefferson did not care for me. I could n't be an old maid. Mr. Bagley has a lovely castle in England, and one day he'll sit in the House of Lords. He'll explain everything to you."

"He'll explain nothing," rejoined the senator grimly. "Mr. Bagley returns to England to-night. He won't have time to explain anything."

"Returns to England?" echoed Kate dismayed.

"Yes, and you go with me to Washington at once." The senator turned to Ryder.

"Good-bye, Ryder. The little domestic comedy is ended. I'm grateful it did n't turn out a drama. The next time I pick out a son-in-law I hope I'll have better luck."

He shook hands with Jefferson, and left the room followed by his crestfallen daughter.

Ryder, who had gone to write something at his desk, strode over to where Mr. Bagley was standing and handed him a cheque.

"Here, sir, this settles everything to date. Good-day."

"But I—I—" stammered the secretary helplessly.

"Good-day, sir."

Ryder turned his back on him and conversed with his son, while Mr. Bagley slowly, and as if regretfully, made his exit.

XV

It was now December and the Senate had been in session for over a week. Jefferson had not forgotten his promise, and one day, about two weeks after Mr. Bagley's spectacular dismissal from the Ryder residence, he had brought Shirley the two letters. She did not ask him how he got them, if he forced the drawer or procured the key. It sufficed for her that the pre-

cious letters—the absolute proof of her father's innocence—were at last in her possession. She at once sent them off by registered mail to Stott, who immediately acknowledged receipt and at the same time announced his departure for Washington that night. He promised to keep her constantly informed of what he was doing and how her father's case was going. It could, he thought, be only a matter of a few days now before the result of the proceedings would be known.

The approach of the crisis made Shirley exceedingly nervous, and it was only by the exercise of the greatest self-control that she did not betray the terrible anxiety she felt. The Ryder biography was nearly finished and her stay in Seventy-fourth Street would soon come to an end. She had a serious talk with Jefferson, who contrived to see a good deal of her, entirely unsuspected by his parents, for Mr. and Mrs. Ryder had no reason to believe that their son had any more than a mere bowing acquaintance with the clever young authoress. Now that Mr. Bagley was no longer there to spy upon their actions these clandestine interviews had been comparatively easy. Shirley brought to bear all the arguments she could think of to convince Jefferson of the hopelessness of their engagement. She insisted that she could never be his wife; circumstances over which they had no control made that dream impossible. It were better, she said, to part now rather than incur the risk of being unhappy later. But Jefferson refused to be convinced. He argued and pleaded and even swore—strange, desperate words that Shirley had never heard before and which alarmed her not a little—and the discussion ended usually by a kiss which put Shirley completely *hors de combat*.

Meantime, John Ryder had not ceased worrying about his son. The removal of Kate Roberts as a factor in his future had not eliminated the danger of Jefferson taking the bit between his teeth one day and contracting a secret marriage with the daughter of his enemy, and when he thought of

the mere possibility of such a thing happening he stormed and raved until his wife, accustomed as she was to his choleric outbursts, was thoroughly frightened. For some time after Bagley's departure, father and son got along fairly amicably, but Ryder, Sr., was quick to see that Jefferson had something on his mind which was worrying him, and he rightly attributed it to his infatuation for Miss Rossmore. He was convinced that his son knew where the judge's daughter was, although his own efforts to discover her whereabouts had been unsuccessful. Sergeant Ellison had confessed absolute failure; Miss Rossmore, he reported, had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed her, and further search was futile. Knowing well his son's impulsive, headstrong disposition, Ryder, Sr., believed him quite capable of marrying the girl secretly any time. The only thing that John Ryder did not know was that Shirley Rossmore was not the kind of a girl to allow any man to inveigle her into a secret marriage. The Colossus, who judged the world's morals by his own, was not of course aware of this, and he worried night and day thinking what he could do to prevent his son from marrying the daughter of the man he had wronged.

The more he pondered over it, the more he regretted that there was not some other girl with whom Jefferson could fall in love and marry. He need not seek a rich girl—there was certainly enough money in the Ryder family to provide for both. He wished they knew a girl, for example, as attractive and clever as Miss Green. Ah! he thought, there was a girl who would make a man of Jefferson—brainy, ambitious, active! And the more he thought of it the more the idea grew on him that Miss Green would be an ideal daughter-in-law, and at the same time snatch his son from the clutches of the Rossmore woman.

Jefferson, during all these weeks, was growing more and more impatient. He knew that any day now Shirley might take her departure from their house and return to Massapequa. If

the impeachment proceedings went against her father, it was more than likely that he would lose her forever, and if, on the contrary, the judge were acquitted, Shirley never would be willing to marry him without his father's consent; and this, he felt, he would never obtain. He resolved, therefore, to have a final interview with his father and declare boldly his intention of making Miss Rossmore his wife, regardless of the consequences.

The opportunity came one evening after dinner. Ryder, Sr., was sitting alone in the library, reading. Mrs. Ryder had gone to the theatre with a friend, Shirley as usual was writing in her room, giving the final touches to her now completed "History of the Empire Trading Company." Jefferson took the bull by the horns and boldly accosted his redoubtable parent.

"May I have a few minutes of your time, father?"

Ryder, Sr., laid aside the paper he was reading and looked up. It was unusual for his son to come to him on any errand, and he liked to encourage it.

"Certainly, Jefferson. What is it?"

"I want to appeal to you, sir. I want you to use your influence, before it is too late, to save Judge Rossmore. A word from you at this time would do wonders in Washington."

The financier swung half-round in his chair, the smile of greeting faded out of his face, and his voice was hard as he replied coldly:

"Again? I thought we had agreed not to discuss Judge Rossmore any further?"

"I can't help it, sir," rejoined Jefferson, undeterred by his sire's hostile attitude, "that poor old man is practically on trial for his life. He is as innocent of wrongdoing as a child unborn, and you know it. You could save him if you would."

"Jefferson," answered Ryder, Sr., biting his lip to restrain his impatience, "I told you before that I could not interfere even if I would; and I won't, because that man is my enemy. Important business interests, which you cannot possibly know anything about,

demand his dismissal from the bench."

"Surely your business interests don't demand the sacrifice of a man's life!" retorted Jefferson. "I know modern business methods are none too squeamish, but I should think you'd draw the line at deliberate murder!"

Ryder sprang to his feet and for a moment stood glaring at the young man. His lips moved, but no sound came from them. Suppressed wrath rendered him speechless. What was the world coming to when a son could talk to his father in this manner?

"How dare you presume to judge my actions or to criticise my methods?" he burst out, finally.

"You force me to do so," answered Jefferson hotly. "I want to tell you that I am heartily ashamed of this whole affair and your connection with it, and since you refuse to make reparation in the only way possible for the wrong you and your associates have done Judge Rossmore—that is by saving him in the Senate—I think it only fair to warn you that I take back my word in regard to not marrying without your consent. I want you to know that I intend to marry Miss Rossmore as soon as she will consent to become my wife—that is," he added with bitterness, "if I can succeed in overcoming her prejudices against my family—"

Ryder, Sr., laughed contemptuously.

"Prejudices against a thousand million dollars?" he exclaimed sceptically.

"Yes," replied Jefferson decisively, "prejudices against our family, against you and your business practices. Money is not everything. One day you will find that out. I tell you definitely that I intend to make Miss Rossmore my wife."

Ryder, Sr., made no reply, and as Jefferson had expected an explosion, this unnatural calm rather startled him. He was sorry he had spoken so harshly. It was his father, after all.

"You've forced me to defy you, father," he added. "I'm sorry—"

Ryder, Sr., shrugged his shoulders and resumed his seat. He lit another cigar, and with affected carelessness he said:

"All right, Jeff, my boy, we'll let it

go at that. You're sorry—so am I. You've shown me your cards—I'll show you mine."

His composed unruffled manner vanished. He suddenly threw off the mask and revealed the tempest that was raging within. He leaned across the desk, his face convulsed with uncontrollable passion, a terrifying picture of human wrath. Shaking his fist at his son he shouted:

"When I get through with Judge Rossmore at Washington, I'll start after his daughter. This time to-morrow he'll be a disgraced man. A week later she will be a notorious woman. Then we'll see if you'll be so eager to marry her!"

"Father!" cried Jefferson.

"There is sure to be something in her life that won't bear inspection," sneered Ryder. "There is in everybody's life. I'll find out what it is. Where is she to-day? She can't be found. No one knows where she is—not even her own mother. Something is wrong—the girl's no good!"

Jefferson started forward as if to resent these insults to the woman he loved, but, realizing that it was his own father, he stopped short and his hands fell powerless at his side.

"Well, is that all?" inquired Ryder, Sr., with a sneer.

"That's all," replied Jefferson, "I'm going. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," answered his father indifferently; "leave your address with your mother."

Jefferson left the room, and Ryder, Sr., as if exhausted by the violence of his own outburst, sank back limp in his chair. The crisis he dreaded had come at last. His son had openly defied his authority and was going to marry the daughter of his enemy. He must do something to prevent it; the marriage must not take place, but what could he do? The boy was of age and legally his own master. He could do nothing to restrain his actions unless they put him in an insane asylum. He would rather see his son there, he mused, than married to the Rossmore woman.

Presently there was a timid knock at

the library door. Ryder rose from his seat and went to see who was there. To his surprise it was Miss Green.

"May I come in?" asked Shirley.

"Certainly, by all means. Sit down."

He drew up a chair for her, and his manner was so cordial that it was easy to see she was a welcome visitor.

"Mr. Ryder," she began in a low, tremulous voice, "I have come to see you on a very important matter. I've been waiting to see you all evening—and as I shall be here only a short time longer I want to ask you a great favor—perhaps the greatest you've ever asked—I want to ask you for mercy—for mercy to—"

She stopped and glanced nervously at him, but she saw he was paying no attention to what she was saying. He was puffing heavily at his cigar, entirely preoccupied with his own thoughts. Her sudden silence aroused him. He apologized:

"Oh, excuse me—I didn't quite catch what you were saying."

She said nothing, wondering what had happened to render him so absent-minded. He read the question in her face, for, turning towards her, he exclaimed:

"For the first time in my life I am face to face with defeat—defeat of the most ignominious kind—incapacity—inability to regulate my own internal affairs. I can rule a government, but I can't manage my own family—my own son. I'm a failure. Tell me," he added, appealing to her, "why can't I rule my own household, why can't I govern my own child?"

"Why can't you govern yourself?" said Shirley quietly.

Ryder looked keenly at her for a moment without answering her question; then, as if prompted by a sudden inspiration, he said:

"You can help me, but not by preaching at me. This is the first time in my life I ever called on a living soul for help. I'm accustomed to deal with men only. This time there's a woman in the case—and I need your woman's wit—"

"How can I help you?" asked Shirley.

"I don't know," he answered with suppressed excitement. "As I told you, I am up against a blank wall. I can't see my way." He gave a nervous little laugh and went on: "God! I'm ashamed of myself—ashamed! Did you ever read the fable of the Lion and the Mouse? Well, I want you to gnaw with your sharp woman's teeth at the cords which bind the son of John Burkett Ryder to this Rossmore woman. I want you to be the mouse—to set me free of this disgraceful entanglement."

"How?" asked Shirley calmly.

"Ah, that's just it—how?" he replied. "Can't you think—you're a woman—you have youth, beauty—brains." He stopped and eyed her closely until she reddened from the embarrassing scrutiny. Then he blurted out: "By George! marry him yourself—force him to let go of this other woman! Why not? Come, what do you say?"

This unexpected suggestion came upon Shirley with all the force of a violent shock. She immediately saw the falseness of her position. This man was asking for her hand for his son under the impression that she was another woman. It would be dishonorable of her to keep up the deception any longer. She passed her hand over her face to conceal her confusion.

"You—you must give me time to think," she stammered. "Suppose I don't love your son—I should want something—something to compensate."

"Something to compensate?" echoed Ryder, surprised and a little disconcerted. "Why, the boy will inherit millions—I don't know how many."

"No—no, not money," rejoined Shirley; "money only compensates those who love money. It's something else—a man's honor—a man's life! It means nothing to you."

He gazed at her, not understanding. Full of his own project, he had mind for nothing else. Ignoring therefore the question of compensation, whatever she might mean by that, he continued:

"You can win him if you make up

your mind to. A woman with your resources can blind him to any other woman."

"But if—he loves Judge Rossmore's daughter?" objected Shirley.

"It's for you to make him forget her—and you can," replied the financier confidently. "My desire is to separate him from this Rossmore woman at any cost. You must help me." His sternness relaxed somewhat and his eyes rested on her kindly. "Do you know, I should be glad to think you won't have to leave us. Mrs. Ryder has taken a fancy to you, and I myself shall miss you when you go."

"You ask me to be your son's wife and you know nothing of my family," said Shirley.

"I know you—that is sufficient," he replied.

"No—no you don't," returned Shirley, "nor do you know your son. He has more constancy—more strength of character than you think—and far more principle than you have."

"So much the greater victory for you," he answered good-humoredly.

"Ah," she said reproachfully, "you do not love your son."

"I do love him," replied Ryder warmly. "It's because I love him that I'm such a fool in this matter. Don't you see that if he marries this girl it would separate us, and I should lose him. I don't want to lose him. If I welcomed her to my house it would make me the laughing-stock of all my friends and business associates. Come, will you join forces with me?"

Shirley shook her head and was about to reply when the telephone bell rang. Ryder took up the receiver and spoke to the butler downstairs:

"Who's that? Judge Stott? Tell him I'm too busy to see any one. What's that? A man's life at stake? What's that to do with me? Tell him—"

On hearing Stott's name, Shirley nearly betrayed herself. She turned pale and half started up from her chair. Something serious must have happened to bring her father's legal adviser to the Ryder residence at such an hour!

She thought he was in Washington. Could it be that the proceedings in the Senate were ended and the result known? She could hardly conceal her anxiety, and instinctively she placed her hand on Ryder's arm.

"No, Mr. Ryder, do see Judge Stott! You must see him. I know who he is. Your son has told me. Judge Stott is one of Judge Rossmore's advisers. See him. You may find out something about the girl. You may find out where she is. If Jefferson finds out you have refused to see her father's friend at such a critical time it will only make him sympathize more deeply with the Rossmores, and you know sympathy is akin to love. That's what you want to avoid, isn't it?"

Ryder still held the telephone, hesitating what to do. What she said sounded like good sense.

"Upon my word—" he said. "You may be right and yet—"

"Am I to help you or not?" demanded Shirley. "You said you wanted a woman's wit."

"Yes," said Ryder, "but still—"

"Then you had better see him," she said emphatically.

Ryder turned to the telephone.

"Hello, Jorkins, are you there? Show Judge Stott up here." He laid the receiver down and turned again to Shirley. "That's one thing I don't like about you," he said. "I allow you to decide against me and then I agree with you." She said nothing and he went on looking at her admiringly. "I predict that you'll bring that boy to your feet within a month. I don't know why, but I seem to feel that he is attracted to you already. Thank Heaven! you haven't a lot of troublesome relations. I think you said you were almost alone in the world. Don't look so serious," he added laughing. "Jeff is a fine fellow, and believe me an excellent catch as the world goes."

Shirley raised her hand as if entreating him to desist.

"Oh, don't—don't—please! My position is so false! You don't know how false it is!" she cried.

At that instant the library door was thrown open and the butler appeared, ushering in Stott. The lawyer looked anxious, and his dishevelled appearance indicated that he had come direct from the train. Shirley scanned his face narrowly in the hope that she might read there what had happened. He walked right past her, giving no sign of recognition, and advanced direct towards Ryder, who had risen and remained standing at his desk.

"Perhaps I had better go," ventured Shirley, although tortured by anxiety to hear the news from Washington.

"No," said Ryder quickly, "Judge Stott will detain me but a very few moments."

Having delivered himself of this delicate hint, he looked toward his visitor as if inviting him to come to the point as rapidly as possible.

"I must apologize for intruding at this unseemly hour, sir," said Stott, "but time is precious. The Senate meets to-morrow to vote. If anything is to be done for Judge Rossmore it must be done to-night."

"I fail to see why you address yourself to me in this matter, sir," replied Ryder with asperity.

"As Judge Rossmore's friend and counsel," answered Stott, "I am impelled to ask your help at this critical moment."

"The matter is in the hands of the United States Senate, sir," replied Ryder coldly.

"They are against him!" cried Stott; "not one senator I've spoken to holds out any hope for him. If he is convicted it will mean his death. Inch by inch his life is leaving him. The only thing that can save him is the good news of the Senate's refusal to find him guilty."

Stott was talking so excitedly and loudly that neither he nor Ryder heard the low moan that came from the corner of the room where Shirley was standing listening.

"I can do nothing," repeated Ryder coldly, and he turned his back and began to examine some papers lying on his desk as if to notify the caller that the interview was ended. But

Stott was not so easily discouraged. He went on:

"As I understand it, they will vote on strictly party lines, and the party in power is against him. He's a marked man. You have the power to help him." Heedless of Ryder's gesture of impatience he continued: "When I left his bedside to-night, sir, I promised to return to him with good news; I have told him that the Senate ridicules the charges against him. I must return to him with good news. He is very ill to-night, sir." He halted for a moment and glanced in Shirley's direction, and slightly raising his voice so she might hear, he added: "If he gets worse we shall send for his daughter."

"Where is his daughter?" demanded Ryder, suddenly interested.

"She is working in her father's interests," replied Stott, "and," he added significantly, "I believe with some hope of success."

He gave Shirley a quick, questioning look. She nodded affirmatively. Ryder, who had seen nothing of this by-play, said with a sneer:

"Surely you did n't come here to-night to tell me this?"

"No, sir, I did not." He took from his pocket two letters—the two which Shirley had sent him—and held them out for Ryder's inspection. "These letters from Judge Rossmore to you," he said, "show you to be acquainted with the fact that he bought those shares as an investment—and did not receive them as a bribe."

When he caught sight of the letters and realized what they were, Ryder changed color. Instinctively his eyes sought the drawer on the left-hand side of his desk. In a voice that was unnaturally calm, he asked:

"Why don't you produce them before the Senate?"

"It was too late," explained Stott, handing them to the financier. "I received them only two days ago. But if you come forward and declare—"

Ryder made an effort to control himself.

"I'll do nothing of the kind. I refuse to move in the matter. That is

final. And now, sir," he added, raising his voice and pointing to the letters, "I wish to know how comes it that you had in your possession private correspondence addressed to me?"

"That I cannot answer," replied Stott promptly.

"From whom did you receive these letters?" demanded Ryder.

Stott was dumb, while Shirley clutched at her chair as if she would fall. The financier repeated the question.

"I must decline to answer," replied Stott finally.

Shirley left her place and came slowly forward. Addressing Ryder, she said:

"I wish to make a statement."

The financier gazed at her in astonishment. What could she know about it, he wondered, and he waited with curiosity to hear what she was going to say. But Stott instantly realized that she was about to take the blame upon herself, regardless of the consequences to the success of their cause. This must be prevented at all hazards, even if another must be sacrificed, so interrupting her he said hastily to Ryder:

"Judge Rossmore's life and honor are at stake and no false sense of delicacy must cause the failure of my object to save him. These letters were sent to me by—your son."

"From my son!" exclaimed Ryder, starting. For a moment he staggered as if he had received a blow; he was too much overcome to speak or act. Then recovering himself, he rang a bell, and turned to Stott with renewed fury:

"So," he cried, "this man, this judge whose honor is at stake and his daughter, who most likely has no honor at stake, between them have made a thief and a liar of my son! false to his father, false to his party; and you, sir, have the presumption to come here and ask me to intercede for him!" To the butler, who entered, he said: "See if Mr. Jefferson is still in the house. If he is, tell him I would like to see him here at once."

The man disappeared, and Ryder strode angrily up and down the room

with the letters in his hand. Then, turning abruptly on Stott, he said:

"And now, sir, I think nothing more remains to be said. I shall keep these letters, as they are my property."

"As you please. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night," replied Ryder, not looking up.

With a significant glance at Shirley, who motioned to him that she might yet succeed where he had failed, Stott left the room. Ryder turned to Shirley. His fierceness of manner softened down as he addressed the girl:

"You see what they have done to my son—"

"Yes," replied Shirley, "it's the girl's fault. If Jefferson had n't loved her you would have helped the judge. Ah, why did they ever meet! She has worked on his sympathy and he—he took these letters for her sake, not to injure you. Oh, you must make some allowance for him! One's sympathy gets aroused in spite of oneself; even I feel sorry for—these people."

"Don't," replied Ryder grimly, "sympathy is often weakness. Ah, there you are!" turning to Jefferson, who entered the room at that moment.

"You sent for me, father?"

"Yes," said Ryder, Sr., holding up the letters. "Have you ever seen these letters before?"

Jefferson took the letters and examined them, then he passed them back to his father and said frankly:

"Yes, I took them out of your desk and sent them to Mr. Stott in the hope that they would help Judge Rossmore's case."

Ryder restrained himself from proceeding to actual violence only with the greatest difficulty. His face grew white as death, his lips were compressed, his hands twitched convulsively, his eyes flashed dangerously. He took another cigar to give the impression that he had himself well under control, but the violent trembling of his hands as he lit it betrayed the terrific strain he was under.

"So!" he said, "you deliberately sacrificed my interests to save this woman's father—you hear him, Miss Green? Jefferson, my boy, I think

it's time you and I had a final accounting."

Shirley made a motion as if about to withdraw. He stopped her with a gesture.

"Please don't go, Miss Green. As the writer of my biography you are sufficiently well acquainted with my family affairs to warrant your being present at the epilogue. Besides, I want an excuse for keeping my temper. Sit down, Miss Green."

Turning to Jefferson, he went on:

"For your mother's sake, my boy, I have overlooked your little eccentricities of character. But now we have arrived at the parting of the ways—you have gone too far. The one aspect of this business I cannot overlook is your willingness to sell your own father for the sake of a woman."

"My own father," interrupted Jefferson, bitterly, "would not hesitate to sell me if his business and political interests warranted the sacrifice!"

Shirley attempted the rôle of peacemaker. Appealing to the younger man, she said:

"Please don't talk like that, Mr. Jefferson." Then she turned to Ryder, Sr.: "I don't think your son quite understands you, Mr. Ryder, and, if you will pardon me, I don't think you quite understand him. Do you realize that there is a man's life at stake—that Judge Rossmore is almost at the point of death, and that favorable news from the Senate to-morrow is perhaps the only thing that can save him?"

"Ah, I see," sneered Ryder, Sr., "Judge Stott's story has aroused your sympathy."

"Yes, I—I confess my sympathy is aroused. I do feel for this father whose life is slowly ebbing away—whose strength is being sapped hourly by the thought of the disgrace—the injustice that is being done him! I do feel for the wife of this suffering man!"

"Ah it's a complete picture!" cried Ryder mockingly. "The dying father, the sorrowing mother—and the daughter, what is she supposed to be doing?"

"She is fighting for her father's life," cried Shirley, "and you, Mr. Jefferson,

should have pleaded—pleaded—not demanded. It's no use trying to combat your father's will."

"She is quite right, father. I should have implored you. I do so now. I ask you for God's sake to help us!"

Ryder was grim and silent. He rose from his seat and paced the room, puffing savagely at his cigar. Then he turned and said:

"His removal is a political necessity. If he goes back on the bench every paltry justice of the peace, every petty official will think he has a special mission to tear down the structure that hard work and capital have erected. No, this man has been especially conspicuous in his efforts to block the progress of amalgamated interests."

"And so he must be sacrificed?" cried Shirley indignantly.

"He is a meddlesome man," insisted Ryder, "and——"

"He is innocent of the charges brought against him," urged Jefferson.

"Mr. Ryder is not considering that point," said Shirley bitterly. "All he can see is that it is necessary to put this poor old man in the public pillory, to set him up as a warning to others of his class not to act in accordance with the principles of Truth and Justice—not to dare to obstruct the car of Juggernaut set in motion by the money gods of the country!"

"It's the survival of the fittest, my dear," said Ryder coldly.

"Oh!" cried Shirley, making a last appeal to the financier's heart of stone, "use your great influence with this governing body for good, not evil! Urge them to vote not in accordance with party policy and personal interests but in accordance with their consciences—in accordance with Truth and Justice! Ah, for God's sake, Mr. Ryder! don't permit this foul injustice to blot the name of the highest tribunal in the Western world!"

Ryder laughed cynically.

"By Jove! Jefferson, I give you credit for having secured an eloquent advocate!"

"Suppose," went on Shirley, ignoring his taunting comments, "suppose this daughter promises that she will

never—never see your son again—that she will go away to some foreign country!”

“No!” burst in Jefferson, “why should she? If my father is not man enough to do a simple act of justice without bartering a woman’s happiness and his son’s happiness, let him find comfort in his self-justification!”

Shirley, completely unnerved, made a move towards the door, unable longer to bear the strain she was under. She tottered as though she would fall. Ryder made a quick movement towards his son and took him by the arm. Pointing to Shirley he said in a low tone:

“You see how that girl pleads your cause for you! She loves you, my boy!” Jefferson started. “Yes, she does,” pursued Ryder, Sr. “She’s worth a thousand of the Rossmore woman. Make her your wife and I’ll—”

“Make her my wife!” cried Jefferson joyously. He stared at his parent as if he thought he had suddenly been bereft of his senses.

“Make her my wife?” he repeated incredulously.

“Well, what do you say?” demanded Ryder, Sr.

The young man advanced towards Shirley, hands outstretched.

“Yes, yes, Shir—Miss Green, will you?” Seeing that Shirley made no sign, he said: “Not now, father; I will speak to her later.”

“No, no, to-night, at once!” insisted Ryder. Addressing Shirley, he went on: “Miss Green, my son is much affected by your disinterested appeal in his behalf. He—he—you can save him from himself—my son wishes you—he asks you to become his wife! Is it not so, Jefferson?”

“Yes, yes, my wife!” advancing again towards Shirley.

The girl shrank back in alarm.

“No, no, no, Mr. Ryder, I cannot, I cannot!” she cried.

“Why not?” demanded Ryder, Sr., appealingly. “Ah, don’t—don’t decide hastily—”

Shirley, her face set and drawn and keen mental distress showing in every

line of it, faced the two men pale and determined. The time had come to reveal the truth. This masquerade could go on no longer. It was not honorable either to her father or to herself. Her self-respect demanded that she inform the financier of her true identity.

“I cannot marry your son with these lies upon my lips!” she cried. “I cannot go on with this deception. I told you you did not know who I was, who my people were. My story about them, my name, everything about me is false, every word I have uttered is a lie, a fraud, a cheat! I would not tell you now, but you trusted me and are willing to entrust your son’s future, your family honor in my keeping, and I can’t keep back the truth from you. Mr. Ryder, I am the daughter of the man you hate. I am the woman your son loves. I am Shirley Rossmore!”

Ryder took his cigar from his lips and rose slowly to his feet.

“You? You?” he stammered.

“Yes—yes, I am the Rossmore woman! Listen, Mr. Ryder. Don’t turn away from me. Go to Washington on behalf of my father, and I promise you I will never see your son again—never, never!”

“Ah, Shirley,” cried Jefferson, “you don’t love me!”

“Yes, Jeff, I do; God knows I do! But if I must break my own heart to save my father I will do it.”

“Would you sacrifice my happiness and your own?”

“No happiness can be built on lies, Jeff. We must build on truth or our whole house will crumble and fall. We have deceived your father, but he will forgive that, won’t you?” she said, appealing to Ryder, “and you will go to Washington, you will save my father’s honor, his life, you will—?”

They stood face to face—this slim, delicate girl battling for her father’s life, arrayed against a cold-blooded, heartless, unscrupulous man, deaf to every impulse of human sympathy or pity. Since this woman had deceived him, fooled him, he would deal with her as with every one else who crossed his will. She laid her hand on his

arm, pleading with him. Brutally, savagely, he pushed her aside.

"No, no, I will not!" he thundered. "You have wormed yourself into my confidence by means of lies and deceit. You have tricked me, fooled me to the very limit! Oh, it is easy to see how you have beguiled my son into the folly of loving you! And you—you have the brazen effrontery to ask me to plead for your father? No! No! No! Let the law take its course, and now, Miss Rossmore—you will please leave my house to-morrow morning!"

Shirley stood listening to what he had to say, her face white, her mouth quivering. At last the crisis had come. It was a fight to the finish between this man, the incarnation of corporate greed, and herself, representing the fundamental principles of right and justice. She turned on him in a fury:

"Yes, I will leave your house to-night! Do you think I would remain another hour beneath the roof of a man who is as blind to justice, as deaf to mercy, as incapable of human sympathy as you are!"

She raised her voice; and as she stood there denouncing the man of money, her eyes flashing and her head thrown back, she looked like some avenging angel defying one of the powers of Evil.

"Leave the room!" shouted Ryder, beside himself, and pointing to the door.

"Father!" cried Jefferson, starting forward to protect the girl he loved.

"You have tricked him as you have me!" thundered Ryder.

"It is your own vanity that has tricked you!" cried Shirley contemptuously. "You lay traps for yourself and walk into them. You compel every one around you to lie to you, to cajole you, to praise you, to deceive you! At least, you cannot accuse me of flattering you. I have never fawned upon you as you compel your family and your friends and your dependents to do. I have always appealed to your better nature by telling you the truth, and in your heart you know that I am speaking the truth now!"

"Go!" he commanded.

"Yes, let us go, Shirley!" said Jefferson.

"No, Jeff, I came here alone and I'm going alone!"

"You are not. I shall go with you. I intend to make you my wife!"

Ryder laughed scornfully.

"No," cried Shirley. "Do you think I'd marry a man whose father is as deep a discreditor to the human race as your father is? No, I wouldn't marry the son of such a merciless tyrant! He refuses to lift his voice to save my father. I refuse to marry his son!"

She turned on Ryder with all the fury of a tiger:

"You think if you lived in the olden days you'd be a Cæsar or an Alexander. But you would n't! You'd be a Nero—a Nero! Sink my self-respect to the extent of marrying into your family!" she exclaimed contemptuously. "Never! I am going to Washington without your aid. I am going to save my father if I have to go on my knees to every United States Senator. I'll go to the White House; I'll tell the President what you are! Marry your son—no, thank you! No, thank you!"

Exhausted by the vehemence of her passionate outburst, Shirley hurried from the room, leaving Ryder speechless, staring at his son.

XVI

When Shirley reached her rooms she broke down completely, she threw herself upon a sofa and burst into a fit of violent sobbing. After all, she was only a woman and the ordeal through which she had passed would have taxed the strongest powers of endurance. She had borne up courageously while there remained the faintest chance that she might succeed in moving the financier to pity, but now that all hopes in that direction were shattered and she herself had been ordered harshly from the house like any ordinary malefactor, the reaction set in, and she gave way freely to her long pent-up anguish and distress. Nothing now could save her father—not even this journey to Washington which she

determined to take nevertheless, for, according to what Stott had said, the Senate was to take a vote that very night.

She looked at the time—eleven o'clock. She had told Mr. Ryder that she would leave his house at once, but on reflection it was impossible for a girl alone to seek a room at that hour. It would be midnight before she could get her things packed. No, she would stay under this hated roof until morning and then take the first train to Washington. There was still a chance that the vote might be delayed, in which case she might yet succeed in winning over some of the senators. She began to gather her things together and was thus engaged when she heard a knock at her door.

"Who's there?" she called out.

"It's I," replied a familiar voice.

Shirley went to the door and opening it found Jefferson on the threshold. He made no attempt to enter, nor did she invite him in. He looked tired and careworn.

"Of course, you're not going to-night?" he asked anxiously. "My father did not mean to-night."

"No, Jeff," she said wearily; "not to-night. It's a little too late. I did not realize it. To-morrow morning, early."

He seemed reassured and held out his hand:

"Good-night, dearest—you're a brave girl. You made a splendid fight."

"It did n't do much good," she replied in a disheartened, listless way.

"But it set him thinking," rejoined Jefferson. "No one ever spoke to my father like that before. It did him good. He's still marching up and down the library, chewing the cud——"

Noticing Shirley's tired face and her eyes, with great black circles underneath, he stopped short.

"Now don't do any more packing to-night," he said. "Go to bed and in the morning I'll come up and help you. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Jeff," she smiled.

He went down-stairs, and after doing some more packing she went to bed.

But it was hours before she got to sleep, and then she dreamed that she was in the Senate Chamber and that she saw Ryder suddenly rise and denounce himself before the astonished senators as a perjurer and traitor to his country, while she returned to Massapequa with the glad news that her father was acquitted.

Meantime, a solitary figure remained in the library, pacing to and fro like a lost soul in Purgatory. Mrs. Ryder had returned from the play and gone to bed, serenely oblivious of the drama in real life that had been enacted at home, the servants locked the house up for the night and still John Burkett Ryder walked the floor of his sanctum, and late into the small hours of the morning the watchman, going his lonely rounds, saw a light in the library and the restless figure of his employer sharply silhouetted against the white blinds.

For the first time in his life John Ryder realized that there was something in the world beyond Self. He had seen with his own eyes the sacrifice a daughter will make for the father she loves, and he asked himself what manner of a man that father could be to inspire such devotion in his child. He probed into his own heart and conscience and reviewed his past career. He had been phenomenally successful, but he had not been happy. He had more money than he knew what to do with, but the pleasure of the domestic circle, which he saw other men enjoy, had been denied to him. Was he himself to blame? Had his insensate craving for gold and power led him to neglect those other things in life which contribute more truly to man's happiness? In other words, was his life a mistake? Yes, it was true what this girl charged, he had been merciless and unscrupulous in his dealings with his fellow man. It was true that hardly a dollar of his vast fortune had been honestly earned. It was true that it had been wrung from the people by fraud and trickery. He had craved for power, yet now he had tasted it, what a hollow joy it was, after all! The public hated and despised him; even

his so-called friends and business associates toadied to him merely because they feared him. And this judge—this father he had persecuted and ruined, what a better man and citizen he was, how much more worthy of a child's love and of the esteem of the world! What had Judge Rossmore done, after all, to deserve the frightful punishment the amalgamated interests had caused him to suffer? If he had blocked their game, he had done only what his oath, his duty commanded him to do. Such a girl as Shirley Rossmore could not have had any other kind of a father. Ah, if he had had such a daughter he might have been a better man, if only to win his child's respect and affection. John Ryder pondered long and deeply, and the more he ruminated the stronger the conviction grew upon him that the girl was right and he was wrong. Suddenly, he looked at his watch. It was one o'clock. Roberts had told him that it would be an all-night session and that a vote would probably not be taken until very late. He unhooked the telephone and calling "central" asked for "long distance" and connection with Washington.

It was seven o'clock when the maid entered Shirley's room with her breakfast and she found its occupant up and dressed.

"Why, you haven't been to bed, Miss!" exclaimed the girl, looking at the bed in the inner room which seemed scarcely disturbed.

"No, Theresa I—I could n't sleep. Hastily pouring out a cup of tea she added: "I must catch that nine o'clock train to Washington. I did n't finish packing until nearly three."

"Can I do anything for you, Miss?" inquired the maid. Shirley was as popular with the servants as with the rest of the household.

"No," answered Shirley, "there are only a few things to go in my suit case. Will you please have a cab here in half an hour?"

The maid was about to go when she suddenly thought of something she had forgotten. She held out an envelope which she had left lying on the tray.

"Oh, Miss, Mr. Jorkins said to give you this and master wanted to see you as soon as you had finished your breakfast."

Shirley tore open the envelope and took out the contents. It was a cheque, payable to her order, for \$5,000 and signed "John Burkett Ryder."

A deep flush covered the girl's face as she saw the money—a flush of annoyance rather than of pleasure.

This man who had insulted her, who had wronged her father, who had driven her from his home, thought he could throw his gold at her and insolently send her her pay as one settles haughtily with a servant discharged for impertinence. She would have none of his money—the work she had done she would make him a present of. She replaced the cheque in the envelope and passed it back to Theresa.

"Give this to Mr. Ryder and tell him I cannot see him."

"But Mr. Ryder said——"

"Please deliver my message as I give it," commanded Shirley with authority.

"I cannot see Mr. Ryder."

The maid withdrew, but she had barely closed the door when it was opened again and Mrs. Ryder rushed in, without knocking. She was all flustered with excitement and in such a hurry that she had not even stopped to arrange her toilet.

"My dear Miss Green," she gasped, "what's this I hear—going away suddenly without giving me warning?"

"I wasn't engaged by the month," replied Shirley drily.

"I know, dear, I know. I was thinking of myself. I've grown so used to you—how shall I get on without you?—no one understands me the way you do. Dear me! The whole house is upset. Mr. Ryder never went to bed at all last night. Jefferson is going away, too—forever, he threatens.

If he had n't come and woke me up to say good-bye, I should never have known you intended to leave us. My boy's going—you're going—every one's deserting me!"

Mrs. Ryder was not accustomed to such prolonged flights of oratory and

she sank exhausted on a chair, her eyes filling with tears.

"Did they tell you who I am—the daughter of Judge Rossmore?" demanded Shirley.

It had been a shock to Mrs. Ryder that morning when Jefferson burst into his mother's room before she was up and acquainted her with the events of the previous evening. The news that the Miss Green whom she had grown to love was really the Miss Rossmore, of whose relations with Jefferson her husband stood in such dread, was far from affecting the financier's wife as it had Ryder himself. To the mother's simple and ingenuous mind, free from prejudice and ulterior motive, the girl's character was more important than her name, and certainly she could not blame her son for loving such a woman as Shirley. Of course, it was unfortunate for Jefferson that his father felt this bitterness towards Judge Rossmore, for she herself could hardly have wished for a more sympathetic daughter-in-law. She had not seen her husband since the previous evening at dinner, so was in complete ignorance as to what he thought of this new development; but the mother sighed as she thought how happy it would make her to see Jefferson happily married to the girl of his own choice, and in her heart she still entertained the hope that her husband would see it that way and thus prevent their son from leaving them as he threatened.

"That's not your fault, my dear," she replied, answering Shirley's question. "You are yourself—that's the main thing. You mustn't mind what Mr. Ryder says. Business and worry make him irritable at times. If you must go, of course you must—you are the best judge of that, but Jefferson wants to see you before you leave." She kissed Shirley in motherly fashion, and added: "He has told me everything, dear. Nothing would make me happier than to see you become his wife. He's downstairs now waiting for me to tell him to come up."

"It's better that I should not see him," replied Shirley slowly and gravely. "I can only tell him what I

have already told him. My father comes first. I have still a duty to perform."

"That's right, dear," answered Mrs. Ryder. "You're a good, noble girl and I admire you all the more for it. I'll let Jefferson be his own advocate. You'll see him for my sake!"

She gave Shirley another affectionate embrace and left the room while the girl proceeded with her final preparations for departure. Presently there was a quick, heavy step in the corridor outside and Jefferson appeared in the doorway. He stood there waiting for her to invite him in. She looked up and greeted him cordially, yet it was hardly the kind of reception he looked for or that he considered he had a right to expect. He advanced sulkily into the room.

"Mother said she had put everything right," he began. "I guess she was mistaken."

"Your mother does not understand, neither do you," she replied seriously. "Nothing can be put right until my father is restored to honor and position."

"But why should you punish me because my father fails to regard the matter as we do?" demanded Jefferson rebelliously.

"Why should I punish myself—why should we punish those nearest and dearest?" answered Shirley gently; "the victims of human injustice always suffer where their loved ones are tortured. Why are things as they are? I don't know. I know they are—that's all."

The young man strode nervously up and down the room while she gazed listlessly out of the window, looking for the cab that was to carry her away from this house of disappointment. He pleaded with her:

"I have tried honorably and failed—you have tried honorably and failed. Isn't the sting of impotent failure enough to meet without striving against a hopeless love?" He approached her and said softly: "I love you, Shirley—don't drive me to desperation. Must I be punished because you have failed? It's unfair. The

sins of the fathers should not be visited upon the children."

"But they are—it's the law," said Shirley with resignation.

"The law?" he echoed.

"Yes, the law," insisted the girl; "man's law, not God's, the same unjust law that punishes my father—man's law which is put into the hands of the powerful of the earth to strike at the weak."

She sank into a chair and, covering her face, wept bitterly. Between her sobs she cried brokenly:

"I believed in the power of love to soften your father's heart, I believed that with God's help I could bring him to see the truth. I believed that Truth and Love would make him see the light, but they have n't. I stayed on and on, hoping against hope until the time has gone by and it's too late to save him, too late! What can I do now? My going to Washington is a forlorn hope, a last, miserable, forlorn hope, and in this hour, the darkest of all, you ask me to think of myself—my love, your love, your happiness, your future, my future! Ah, wouldn't it be sublime selfishness?"

Jefferson knelt down beside the chair and, taking her hand in his, tried to reason with her and comfort her.

"Listen, Shirley," he said, "do not do something you will surely regret. You are punishing me not only because I have failed but because you have failed too. It seems to me that if you believed it possible to accomplish so much, if you had so much faith—you have lost your faith rather quickly. I believed in nothing, I had no faith, and yet I have not lost hope."

She shook her head and gently withdrew her hand.

"It is useless to insist, Jefferson—until my father is cleared of this stain, our lives—yours and mine—must lie apart."

Some one coughed and, startled, they both looked up. Mr. Ryder had entered the room unobserved and stood watching them. Shirley immediately rose to her feet indignant, resenting this intrusion on her privacy after she had declined to receive the financier.

Yet, she reflected quickly, how could she prevent it? He was at home, free to come and go as he pleased, but she was not compelled to remain in the room with him. She picked up the few things that lay about and, with a contemptuous toss of her head, retreated into the inner apartment, leaving father and son alone together.

"Hum," grunted Ryder, Sr. "I rather thought I should find you here, but I didn't quite expect to find you on your knees—dragging our pride in the mud."

"That's where our pride ought to be," retorted Jefferson savagely. He felt in the humor to say anything, no matter what the consequences.

"So she has refused you again, eh?" said Ryder, Sr., with a grin.

"Yes," rejoined Jefferson with growing irritation, "she objects to my family. I don't blame her."

The financier smiled grimly as he answered:

"Your family in general—me in particular, eh? I gleaned that much when I came in." He looked towards the door of the room in which Shirley had taken refuge and as if talking to himself he added: "A curious girl with an inverted point of view—sees everything different to others—I want to see her before she goes."

He walked over to the door and raised his hand as if he were about to knock. Then he stopped as if he had changed his mind and turning towards his son he demanded:

"Do you mean to say that she has done with you?"

"Yes," answered Jefferson bitterly.

"Finally?"

"Yes, finally—forever!"

"Does she mean it?" asked Ryder, Sr., sceptically.

"Yes—she will not listen to me while her father is in peril."

There was an expression of half amusement, half admiration on the financier's face as he again turned towards the door.

"It's like her, damn it, just like her!" he muttered.

He knocked boldly at the door.

"Who's there?" cried Shirley from within.

"It is I—Mr. Ryder. I wish to speak to you.

"I must beg you to excuse me," came the answer, "I cannot see you."

Jefferson interfered.

"Why do you want to add to the girl's misery? Don't you think she has suffered enough?"

"Do you know what she has done?" said Ryder with pretended indignation. "She has insulted me grossly. I never was so humiliated in my life. She has returned the cheque I sent her last night in payment for her work on my biography. I mean to make her take that money. It is hers, she needs it, her father's a beggar. She must take it back. It's only flaunting her contempt for me in my face and I won't permit it."

"I don't think her object in refusing that money was to flaunt contempt in your face, or in any way to humiliate you," answered Jefferson. "She feels she has been sailing under false colors and desires to make some reparation."

"And so she sends me back my money, feeling that will pacify me, perhaps repair the injury she has done me, perhaps buy me into entering into her plan of helping her father, but it won't. It only increases my determination to see her and her—" Suddenly changing the topic he asked: "When do you leave us?"

"Now—at once—that is—I—don't know," answered Jefferson embarrassed. "The fact is my faculties are numbed—I seem to have lost my power of thinking. Father, he exclaimed, 'you see what a wreck you have made of our lives!'"

"Now, don't moralize," replied his father testily as if your own selfishness in desiring to possess that girl wasn't the mainspring of all your actions!" Waving his son out of the room, he added: "Now leave me alone with her for a few moments. Perhaps I can make her listen to reason."

Jefferson stared at his father as if he feared he were out of his mind.

"What do you mean? Are you—?" he ejaculated.

"Go—go leave her to me," commanded the financier. "Slam the door when you go out and she'll think we've both gone. Then come up again presently."

The stratagem succeeded admirably. Jefferson gave the door a vigorous pull and John Ryder stood quiet, waiting for the girl to emerge from sanctuary. He did not have to wait long. The door soon opened and Shirley came out slowly. She had her hat on and was drawing on her gloves, for through her window she had caught a glimpse of the cab standing at the curb. She started on seeing Ryder standing there motionless, and she would have retreated had he not intercepted her.

"I wish to speak to you, Miss—Rossmore," he began.

"I have nothing to say," answered Shirley frigidly.

"Why did you do this?" he asked, holding out the cheque.

"Because I do not want your money," she replied with hauteur.

"It was yours—you earned it," he said.

"No, I came here hoping to influence you to help my father. The work I did was part of the plan. It happened to fall my way. I took it as a means to get to your heart."

"But it is yours, please take it. It will be useful."

"No," she said scornfully, "I can't tell you how low I should fall in my own estimation if I took your money! Money," she added with ringing contempt, "why, that's all there is to you! It's your god! Shall I make your god my god? No, thank you, Mr. Ryder!"

"Am I as bad as that?" he asked, wistfully.

"You are as bad as that!" she answered decisively.

"So bad that I contaminate even good money?" He spoke lightly but she noticed that he winced.

"Money itself is nothing," replied the girl, "it's the spirit that gives it—the spirit that receives it, the spirit that earns it, the spirit that spends it. Money helps to create happiness. It also creates misery. It's an engine of

destruction when not properly used, it destroys individuals as it does nations. It has destroyed you, for it has warped your soul!"

"Go on," he laughed bitterly, "I like to hear you!"

"No, you don't, Mr. Ryder, no, you don't, for deep down in your heart you know that I am speaking the truth. Money, and the power it gives you, has dried up the well-springs of your heart."

He was about to be highly amused at her words, but behind the mask of callous indifference the man suffered. Her words seared him as with a red-hot iron. She went on:

"In the barbaric ages they fought for possession, but they fought openly. The feudal barons fought for what they stole, but it was a fair fight. They didn't strike in the dark. At least, they gave a man a chance for his life. But when you modern barons of industry don't like legislation you destroy it, when you don't like your judges you remove them, when a competitor outbids you you squeeze him out of commercial existence! You have no hearts, you are machines, and you are cowards, for you fight unfairly."

"It is not true, it is not true," he protested.

"It is true," she insisted hotly; "a few hours ago in cold blood you doomed my father to what is certain death because you decided it was a political necessity. In other words, he interfered with your personal interests—your financial interests—you, with so many millions you can't count them!" Scornfully she added: "Come out into the light—fight in the open! At least, let him know who his enemy is!"

"Stop—stop—not another word," he cried impatiently, "you have diagnosed the disease. What of the remedy? Are you prepared to reconstruct human nature?"

Confronting each other, their eyes met and he regarded her without resentment, almost with tenderness. He felt strangely drawn towards this woman who had defied and accused him, and made him see the world in a new light.

"I don't deny," he admitted reluctantly, "that things seem to be as you describe them, but it is a part of the process of evolution."

"No," she protested, "it is the work of God!"

"It is evolution!" he insisted.

"Ah, that's it," she retorted, "you evolve new ideas, new schemes, new tricks—you all worship different gods—gods of your own making!"

He was about to reply when there was a commotion at the door and Theresa entered, followed by a manservant to carry down the trunk.

"The cab is downstairs, Miss," said the maid.

Ryder waved them away imperiously. He had something further to say which he did not care for servants to hear. Theresa and the man precipitately withdrew, not understanding, but obeying with alacrity a master who never brooked delay in the execution of his orders. Shirley, indignant, looked to him for an explanation.

"You don't need them," he exclaimed with a quiet smile in which was a shade of embarrassment. "I—I came here to tell you that I—" He stopped as if unable to find words, while Shirley gazed at him in utter astonishment. "Ah," he went on finally, "you have made it very hard for me to speak." Again he paused and then with an effort he said slowly: "An hour ago I had Senator Roberts on the long-distance telephone, and I'm going to Washington. It's all right about your father. The matter will be dropped. You've beaten me. I acknowledge it. You're the first living soul who has ever beaten John Burkett Ryder."

Shirley started forward with a cry of mingled joy and surprise. Could she believe her ears? Was it possible that the dreaded Colossus had capitulated and that she had saved her father? Had the forces of right and justice prevailed, after all? Her face transfigured, radiant, she exclaimed breathlessly:

"What, Mr. Ryder, you mean that you are going to help my father?"

"Not for his sake—for yours," he answered frankly.

"Shirley hung her head. In her moment of triumph, she was sorry for all the hard things she had said to this man. She held out her hand to him.

"Forgive me," she said gently, "it was for my father. I had no faith. I thought your heart was of stone."

Impulsively Ryder drew her to him, he clasped her two hands in his and looking down at her kindly he said, awkwardly:

"So it was—so it was! You accomplished the miracle. It's the first time I've acted on pure sentiment. Let me tell you something: Good sentiment is bad business and good business is bad sentiment—that's why a rich man is generally supposed to have such a hard time getting into the Kingdom of Heaven." He laughed and went on: "I've given ten millions apiece to three universities. Do you think I'm fool enough to suppose I can buy my way? But that's another matter. I'm going to Washington on behalf of your father because I—want you to marry my son. Yes, I want you in the family, close to us. I want your respect, my girl. I want your love. I want to earn it. I know I can't buy it. There's a weak spot in every man's armor and this is mine—I always want what I can't get and I can't get your love unless I earn it."

Shirley remained pensive. Her thoughts were out on Long Island, at Massapequa. She was thinking of their joy when they heard the news—her father, her mother, and Stott. She was thinking of the future, bright and glorious with promise again, now that the dark clouds were passing away. She thought of Jefferson and a soft light came into her eyes as she foresaw a happy wifehood shared with him.

"Why so sober?" demanded Ryder, "you've gained your point, your father is to be restored to you, you'll marry the man you love?"

"I'm so happy," murmured Shirley. "I don't deserve it. I had no faith."

Ryder released her and took out his watch.

"I leave in fifteen minutes for Washington," he said. "Will you trust me to go alone?"

"I trust you gladly," she answered, smiling at him. "I shall always be grateful to you for letting me convert you."

"You won me over last night," he rejoined, "when you put up that fight for your father. I made up my mind that a girl so loyal to her father would be loyal to her husband. You think," he went on "that I do not love my son—you are mistaken. I do love him and I want him to be happy. I am capable of more affection than people think. It is Wall Street," he added bitterly, "that has crushed all sentiment out of me."

Shirley laughed nervously, almost hysterically.

"I want to laugh and I feel like crying," she cried. "What will Jefferson say—how happy he will be!"

"How are you going to tell him?" inquired Ryder uneasily.

"I shall tell him that his dear, good father has relented and—"

"No, my dear," he interrupted, "you will say nothing of the sort. I draw the line at the dear, good father act. I don't want him to think that it comes from me at all."

"But," said Shirley puzzled, "I shall have to tell him that you—"

"What?" exclaimed Ryder, "acknowledgment to my son that I was in the wrong, that I've seen the error of my ways and wish to repent? Excuse me," he added grimly, "it's got to come from him. He must see the error of his ways."

"But the error of his way," laughed the girl, "was falling in love with me. I can never prove to him that that was wrong!"

The financier refused to be convinced. He shook his head and said stubbornly:

"Well, he must be put in the wrong somehow or other! Why, my dear child," he went on, "that boy has been waiting all his life for an opportunity to say to me: 'Father, I knew I was in the right, and knew you were wrong.' Can't you see," he asked,

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"what a false position it places me in? Just picture his triumph!"

"He'll be too happy to triumph," objected Shirley.

Feeling a little ashamed of his attitude, he said:

"I suppose you think I'm very obstinate." Then, as she made no reply, he added: "I wish I did n't care what you thought."

Shirley looked at him gravely for a moment and then she replied seriously:

"Mr. Ryder, you're a great man—you're a genius—your life is full of action, energy, achievement. But it appears to be only the good, the noble and the true that you are ashamed of. When your money triumphs over principle, when your political power defeats the ends of justice, you glory in your victory. But when you do a kindly, generous, fatherly act, when you win a grand and noble victory over yourself, you are ashamed of it. It was a kind, generous impulse that prompted you to save my father and take your son and myself to your heart. Why are you ashamed to let him see it? Are you afraid he will love you? Are

you afraid I shall love you? Open your heart wide to us—let us love you."

Ryder, completely vanquished, opened his arms and Shirley sprang forward and embraced him as she would have embraced her own father. A solitary tear coursed down the financier's cheek. In thirty years he had not felt, or been touched by, the emotion of human affection.

The door suddenly opened and Jefferson entered. He started on seeing Shirley in his father's arms.

"Jeff, my boy," said the financier, "releasing Shirley and putting his hand in his son's, "I've done something you could n't do—I've convinced Miss Green—I mean Miss Rossmore—that we are not so bad after all!"

Jefferson, beaming, grasped his father's hand.

"Father!" he exclaimed.

"That's what I say—father!" echoed Shirley.

They both embraced the financier until, overcome with emotion, Ryder, Sr., struggled to free himself, and made his escape from the room crying:

"Good-bye, children—I'm off for Washington!"

THE END



A Concord Note-Book

Theodore Parker and R. W. Emerson

TENTH PAPER

By F. B. SANBORN*

FIFTY years ago the name of Theodore Parker was more widely known in America than that of Emerson, especially among the classes that busied themselves more with theology and politics than with literature and philosophy. He died forty-six years ago, and the great upheaval immediately following his death in May, 1860, gradually weakened, and almost effaced that strong impression his masculine character and serviceable learning had made on the generation just before the Civil War. During twenty years of his life, and more, he was closely associated with Emerson in thoughts and social movements, without being intimately connected with the Emersonian circle. Parker had his own circle, a wide and varied collection of men and women in all parts of the world, but particularly in Boston, where his pastorate was for some fifteen years. To that city his friends or their letters came, from all directions, to sympathize in his preaching and the numerous agitations in which he joined, while retaining, like Emerson, his special function in each movement where he took part. He was seven years younger than Emerson, and was born at Lexington, on his father's farm, along a by-road, five or six miles only from the corner in Concord where Emerson set up his household gods in 1835. Parker at that date was twenty-five, and was studying at Cambridge in the Unitarian Divinity School where, three years later, Emerson uttered those thrilling words which disturbed the religious peace of Cambridge and Boston for years,—the Divinity School discourse of 1838, of which I shall have more to say. But six years earlier, Parker had sojourned in Concord, before Emerson was much heard of except as an eloquent preacher at the North End of Boston. At the age of

nineteen, young Parker, who was fitting himself for Harvard College, where he never graduated, taught for a winter one of the half-dozen district schools in Concord's broad township of meadow, woodland, and sandy plain. This was in 1829. Nearly eight years later he aspired to the vacant place of assistant-pastor in Concord, where the aged Dr. Ripley still held the pulpit, but was aided by a young colleague. Rev. Hersey Goodwin, the father of the eminent Greek professor, William Watson Goodwin (who was born at Concord), had held the place for some years, but had died, and Parker preached a few sermons as candidate. But the choice of the parish fell to another clergyman, Mr. Frost, and Parker, after preaching at Barnstable, Greenfield, and several other parishes, was ordained in West Roxbury in June, 1837,—John Quincy Adams, ex-President and then Congressman, being a delegate from Quincy to the Ordaining Council. Parker had already become acquainted with Emerson, who still preached occasionally, and he heard all Emerson's lectures in Boston when he could. He joined Dr. Channing's circle of "Friends of Progress," and not long after, the so-called "Transcendental Club," of which the beginnings are a little in doubt, but which seems to have originated about the time of college commencement, when certain Harvard graduates came together for a few days, and decided to meet oftener and discuss serious topics. Alcott, Emerson, Mr. Hedge, Parker, Dr. Francis, Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, his kinsman, Samuel Ripley of Waltham, with his accomplished wife, W. H. Channing, and others met at this club, and Parker in his Journals of 1837-38 and 1840-42 mentions its meetings. *The Dial* was one of its outgrowths, and the

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companionships thus formed became important for literature and social and political reforms in later years. Brook Farm itself was another outgrowth, and Parker at West Roxbury was within a mile or two of that Arcadia.

Parker had been preaching at West Roxbury a year, and more, when Emerson gave his Divinity School Address on a Sunday evening, July 15, 1838. In his Journal for that day, long in my possession, he wrote thus:

"After (as usual) preaching, Sunday-schooling, teachers'-meeting, etc., wife and I went over to Brookline, took M. A. and proceeded to Cambridge to hear the valedictory sermon by Mr. Emerson. In this he surpassed himself as much as he surpasses others in a general way. I shall give no abstract, —so beautiful, so just, so true, and terribly sublime was his picture of the faults of the Church in its present position. My soul is roused; and this week I shall write the long-meditated sermon on the state of the Church and the duties of these times."

From that time forward Parker began to be a religious reformer in earnest. In the controversy that followed he ranked himself on Emerson's side, though not at first very prominent, nor perhaps entirely settled in his own mind on some of the profound questions raised by Emerson. Meanwhile the backward and the bigoted among the Unitarian clergy were in a state of agitation, mingled with alarm and anger. Soon they began to make use of the *Boston Advertiser*, a daily newspaper of high pretensions to learning, prudence, and respectability, as a vehicle of attack on the Concord mystic. Parker, whose industry in reading, journalizing, and scrap-book making was phenomenal, began to take notice of these attacks in his journal, and inserted there from the *Advertiser* what he terms "a strange article." It was not signed, but contained this passage, which it soon appeared was written by Prof. Andrews Norton, who had for some years taught theology in Parker's Divinity School:

"There is a strange state of things existing about us in the literary and

religious world, of which none of the larger periodicals has yet taken notice. It is the result of that restless craving for notoriety and excitement, which, in one way or another, is keeping our community in a perpetual stir. It has shown itself particularly since that foolish woman, Miss Martineau, was among us, and stimulated the vanity of her flatterers by loading them in return with the copper coin of her praise,—which they easily believed was as good as gold. She was accustomed to talk about her mission, as if she were a special dispensation of Providence; and they, too, thought they must all have their missions, and began to 'vaticinate,' as one of their number has expressed it.

"But though her genial warmth may have caused the new school to bud and bloom, it was not planted by her. It owes its origin in part to ill-understood notions, obtained by blundering through the crabbed and disgusting obscurity of some of the worst German speculatists,—which notions, however, have been received by most of its disciples at second hand, through an interpreter. The atheist Shelley has been quoted and commended in a professedly religious work called the *Western Messenger*; but he is not, we conceive, to be reckoned among the patriarchs of the sect. This honor is due to that hashier-up of German metaphysics, the Frenchman Cousin; and of late that hyper-Germanized Englishman, Carlyle, has been the great object of admiration and model of style. Cousin and Carlyle, indeed, seem to have been transformed into idols to be publicly worshipped, the former for his philosophy, and the latter both for his philosophy and his fine writing; while the veiled image of the German pantheist, Schleiermacher, is kept in the sanctuary.

"The characteristics of this school are the most extraordinary assumption, united with great ignorance and incapacity for reasoning. There is indeed a general tendency among its disciples to disavow learning and reasoning as sources of the higher knowledge. The mind must be its own unassisted

teacher. It discerns transcendental truths by immediate vision. . . . The rejection of reasoning is accompanied with an equal contempt for good taste. All modesty is laid aside. . . . Common thoughts, sometimes true, oftener false, and

'Neutral nonsense, neither false nor true'

are exaggerated and twisted out of shape, and forced into strange connections, to make them look like some grand and new conception. To produce a more striking effect, our common language is abused, antic tricks are played with it; inversions, exclamations, anomalous combinations of words, unmeaning but coarse and violent metaphors abound,—and withal a strong infusion of German barbarisms. Such is the style of Carlyle, a *writer of some talent*; for his great deficiency is not in this respect, but in good sense, good taste, and soundness of principle. . . . Carlyle as an original might be tolerated, if one could forget his admirers and imitators.

"The state of things described might seem a matter of no great concern, a mere insurrection of folly,—a sort of Jack Cade rebellion, which, in the nature of things, must soon be put down,—were it not gathering confidence from neglect, and had not proceeded to attack principles which are the foundation of human society and human happiness. 'Silly women' it has been said, and silly young men it is to be feared, have been drawn away from their Christian faith, if not divorced from all that can properly be called religion."

Professor Norton then proceeded to attack Emerson's Address as the great example of all this mischief, and to reprove all and sundry whom he thought responsible for it. He soon returned to the charge, with a long article denouncing the "Atheist Shelley," and ascribing to James Freeman Clarke the publication of an apology for him in the *Western Messenger* which Clarke was known to edit, and in which he had printed one or two of Emerson's poems. It is now hard to believe that a good and learned,

though rather narrowly learned man, could have made such an exhibition of himself; but I have had the article before me as I copied. A wiser conservative (said to be Theophilus Parsons) took exceptions to Norton's blast of a trumpet, saying, among other things:

"The tone of this article is so harsh that in many passages it seems but the outbreak of indignant contempt. It charges the objects of its rebuke with arrogance, and makes the charge with very little manifestation of humility. And while it accuses them of ignorance, it speaks of distinguished Europeans in a way which makes us ask with wonder how the writer could have formed such opinions? . . . If he wished to arrest the evil he deplures, to help the 'silly women' and 'silly young men' about whom the fascinations of the charmer are gathering,—if he wrote in kindness and not in anger,—then he has not written wisely. . . . He seems to identify the school which he attacks with all inquiry,—all progress; when he objects that it is rhapsodical, incoherent, ignorant, and presuming, he seems to feel that all this is expressed by calling it *new*. This is to be regretted, not merely because it is a mistake, but because it is precisely the mistake which the favorers of Mr. Emerson beg their opponents to make.

"Nor will this argument be helped by any form or quantity of contempt or opprobrium. No reader can feel, when a writer talks of 'a Jack Cade rebellion,' that he is as wise as he might be were he more temperate. Nor will it be admitted that there is any among us authorized by his position in the world of letters to speak of Victor Cousin as 'the hasher-up of German metaphysics,' or of Carlyle as a man of 'some talent.' Can the writer be ignorant that, while Cousin is a man of remarkable originality, the views which he derives from others are drawn far more from the old philosophers than from those of any modern nation? A youth who can be turned from Cousin's works by this writer's contemptuous sneer at this 'Frenchman' may probably employ himself to

more advantage than in the study of philosophy."

Professor Norton soon turned his attention to James Freeman Clarke and "the atheist Shelley." What he wrote in the *Advertiser* sixty-eight years ago sounds odd enough now: "Of Shelley perhaps many readers have heard but little, for his works are not popular, and never can become so till religion and morality are empty names. He was an atheist and a bitter infidel, and his conduct answered to his principles."

Let us now turn from this Cambridge Pharisee to the simple and luminous words of Emerson, written soon after, in reply to a letter received from Rev. William Silsbee of Salem, who had probably questioned the author of the Divinity School Address on some point then in controversy. Emerson responded,—and I have never seen this in print:

Emerson's View of Religious Truth.

"I am not sufficiently master of the little truth I see to know how to state it in forms so general as shall put every mind in possession of my point of view. We generalize, and rectify our expressions from day to day, from month to month, to reconcile our own sight with that of our companions. So shall two inquirers have the best mutual action on one another.

"But I should never attempt to direct answer to such questions as yours. I have no language that would justly present my state of mind with regard to each of them, with any fidelity, for my state of mind on each is no wise final and detached, but tentative, progressive, and strictly connected with the whole circle of my thoughts. It seems to me that to understand any man's thoughts respecting the Supreme Being, we need an insight into the general habits and tendency of his speculations; for every man's Idea of God is the last and most comprehensive generalization at which he has arrived.

"But besides the extreme difficulty of stating our results on such questions

in a few propositions, I think that a certain religious feeling deters us from the attempt. I do not gladly utter any deep conviction of the soul in any company where I think it will be contested,—no, nor unless I think it will be welcome. Truth has already ceased to be true, if polemically said; and if the soul would utter oracles, as every soul should, it must live for itself, keep itself right-minded, observe with awe its own law, so as to concern itself very little with the engrossing topics of the hour, unless they be its own.

"I believe that most of the speculative difficulties that infest us we must thank ourselves for; that each mind, if true to itself, will by living forthright, and not imputing unto itself the doubts of other men, dissolve all difficulties, as the sun at mid-noon burns up the clouds. Hence I think the aid we can give each other is incidental, lateral, sympathetic. If we are true and benevolent, we can reinforce each other by every act or word. Your power stimulates mine, and your light kindles mine."

During the year following this stirring incident and its ensuing controversy, Parker's *Journal*—more a common-place book than diary—has frequent entries concerning Emerson and his circle. Thus the new Club met, May 8, 1839, at Dr. Bartol's in Boston, and Parker says:

"We had a very pleasant meeting, C. Stetson, F. H. Hedge, Alcott, Emerson, J. L. Russell, George Ripley, Bartol, and myself. The subject discussed was Property. It was doubted whether Property would always continue to be. Mr. Alcott thought it was not based on an instinct of the soul. Hedge seemed of the same opinion, but was rather guarded in his expressions. His views, however, differed much, I thought, from those he expressed in that grand discourse delivered last Fourth of July. Upon the whole, very little was to-day elicited upon this subject. The old foundation of Property stands secure. There will always be Property, doubtless; but it may be distributed in a

wiser way, I fancy. Now it is a sharpener of the intellect; then it may be also of the moral powers. Alcott said a good deal, but *invita Minerva*, I thought."

The following Sunday Parker exchanged pulpits with Dr. N. L. Frothingham, brother-in-law of Edward Everett, then Governor of Massachusetts, who had a pew in Dr. Frothingham's church in Chauncey Place. The Governor was present, and Parker was rather discomposed by him, saying in his Journal: "I don't like to preach before this Governor. There he sat looking cold and statuesque, as if hewn of marble. I could not bear to look at him,—it quite discomposed me." A few weeks later he meets a very different person,—not, perhaps, for the first time. June 17th he writes: "Saw Miss Fuller also; pleasantly disappointed in her,—no scoffing today. Her sister [Ellen] is truly lovely,—apparently a lover of the flowers." This was the sister who married Ellery Channing three years later. By the middle of July, 1839, the anniversary of the Divinity School has come round, and Professor Norton is to counteract the Emersonian heresy of 1838 by a discourse of his own before a similar audience. The graduating class was small—only six; the Dean was Dr. Palfrey. Parker writes:

"The Dean appeared with his six,—like the scriptural 'Captain of Six' with *his* six. As a hen clucks equally with one chick or a dozen 'pledges,' so there was no less ado about this little class than at Andover, when fourscore are made ministers by a speech. The exercises I thought decidedly inferior. Moore's part was good,—nothing more. Eustis's remarkably fine,—full of spirit, life, and independence,—his subject 'Independence in the Ministry.' It contained some Emersonianisms, which were obvious. Their style of thought and expression was decidedly unlike the rest of his fabric. Expressions like this occurred: 'To kick out behind is not a good way of getting forward, for man or horse.' He thinks the minister ought to support himself by his trade, not by

preaching. This piece produced a curious effect upon the Rabbis. The Dean covered his face with his hand and never looked up; his fine, large forehead becoming blacker and blacker till the very end. President Quincy was awake during the whole of the performance. Mr. Henry Ware had, we are told, tried to persuade F. L. Eustis to read some other piece. E. insisted on this or none; but had no special desire to read any piece. McKown, whom I count the best scholar, has relinquished the profession (I think Kant has unsettled him); so he did not perform his part."

This George Moore was a Concord youth, the son of Emerson's next neighbor, Abel Moore, whom Emerson in a fine passage called "Captain Hardy," and on whose land stood the cottage in which Channing and Ellen Fuller began their housekeeping, near Emerson's garden, in 1843. Mr. Eustis, I think, became a son-in-law of Dr. Channing, but did not long preach. Neither did his college classmate, Harrison Blake, who was at the Divinity School when Emerson spoke, and was long the devoted friend, correspondent, and editor of Thoreau. Parker went on:

"In the afternoon we listened to an address by Andrews the Only. All expectations were highly raised by the fame of the speaker and the novelty of the occasion. To me the whole matter appeared a complete failure. It had great merits of style, but few others. I shall say no more of it since it will doubtless be published. The alumni then chose Mr. James Walker as first speaker (for next year) and, after two ballotings, Mr. Orville Dewey for the second. Dr. Channing was one of the candidates at the first balloting; some votes were cast for him, some for Mr. Dewey, and for Dr. Frothingham, and there was no choice. But at the next ballot Mr. Dewey had a decided majority! Tell it not in Gath! . . . Anywhere in the country Dr. Channing would be a most acceptable and intelligible preacher. His doctrine would be pronounced true, spiritual, evangelical,—would be received and welcomed.

But in Boston, I doubt not, most men would be better pleased with Lothrop,—certainly with Greenwood, who says nothing in the most beautiful language, and with the most solemn and persuasive air. If Dr. Channing could now be ground over again, and come out a young man of five-and-twenty, give all the results of his reading, experience,—all the insight, power, eloquence, Christianity he now possesses,—but let him hold the same religious, political, philosophical, and social opinions as now, and preach on them as he does,—let him write such tracts as his slavery letters, etc., and be all unknown to fame,—and he could not find a place for the sole of his foot in Boston, though half a dozen pulpits were vacant. Not he."

A few days later came a call from Margaret Fuller, who had taken up her residence at Jamaica Plain, near Parker. He says of her: "She has outgrown Carlyle; thinks him inferior to Coleridge. I doubt this much. She says Coleridge will live and Carlyle be forgot. I am glad she has outgrown him,—I wish the world had. Miss Fuller is a critic, not a creator,—not a *vates*, I fear. Certainly she is a prodigious woman, though she puts herself upon her genius a little too much. She is not a good analyst, not a philosopher." He contrasted her with Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who called some days after. Of her he said:

"She is a woman of the most astonishing powers; has a many-sidedness and a largeness of soul quite unusual; rare qualities of head and heart. I never before knew just with what class to place her; now I see she is a Boswell. Her office is to inquire and answer, 'What did they say?' 'What are the facts?' A good analyst of character, a free spirit, kind, generous, noble. She has an artistic gift also. She may well be called the 'narrative Miss Peabody.'"

August 3d, Bronson Alcott, then hesitating between Boston and Concord, came out to West Roxbury to see Parker, who says of him: "He came before noon and stayed till night, full of talk. He does not like the

name 'Christian' because it represents the false no less than the true; not that the Christianity of Christ has anything false in it,—but as it is understood. I think that he desires to make a new advance; that he will eventually give up Christianity altogether, as Christ did Mosaism, and take some new measures. But they will not succeed, for Christianity has not yet lived its life, as Mosaism then had done; nor has Mr. Alcott the proper skill needed for the work. He cannot translate his thought into the language of the people,—at least, not without offending them. He says Dr. Channing is a politician, and Garrison also. This is true of both, though in a different sense. Garrison has one idea; he, as a politician, wishes to see it actualized. But Dr. Channing wishes legislation made humane and even divine; then will all partial evil be ended. Jesus Christ, in this sense, was a politician, and the greatest legislator that ever lived."

And now among these New Lights came one of another school, who afterwards made himself conspicuous as the encomiast of two French emperors,—John S. C. Abbott. He called one August day, with his wife, on Parker, at West Roxbury, who says: "I am always glad to see them. He seems a man truly devout; says he finds few who live a divine life. He thinks the greater part of the Christian community are utterly dead to religion. He doubts Waldo Emerson is a Christian, or a man who can be saved; distrusts all forms of piety except one technical form."

In September the new Club meets more than once, and here is the record:

"We met with Dr. Francis at Watertown on Monday and had a fine talk respecting the question whether men should speak freely, or with reference to the fears and the sleep of others. Alcott and W. H. Channing had the best words to utter; but all spoke well and to the point. Mrs. Samuel Ripley, Mrs. Francis, and Miss Fuller were present, but unwisely they were silent. Wednesday another meeting, but not so good. The subject discussed was a

new Journal. There will be one, I doubt not. Emerson, Miss Fuller, and Hedge alone are competent to the work. I rode out with Miss Fuller, who is full of thought as ever. The next day, Thursday, she made a pleasant party of ladies and their lords. Emerson and George Ripley were there. The time went well; there was fine singing by Miss Tuckerman, and wit and good humors. Miss Fuller resembles Mme. de Staël more than any woman I know; not that she has *ces grands yeux si noirs et si étincellants*; but such knowledge, backward and forth seeing, and that matchless power of putting into speech the emmets of thought that people her brain. Our new Journal will certainly go. There is a want felt of such an organ to express thought, which meantime accumulates and must be thrown off. Let Emerson take the management thereof and it will immediately circulate; his name would give it a name forthwith. Miss Fuller, Hedge, and Emerson, with the addition of humbler spirits, would do much to create and keep up such a Journal."

The famous *Dial* appeared the next summer (July, 1840), edited by Margaret Fuller and George Ripley,—Emerson at first declining the task, but writing the preface, and contributing largely from first to last. So did Parker until he went abroad in 1843; when he returned, *The Dial* had died of starvation. The numbers, among the whole sixteen, that sold best and were soonest out of print were two containing popular sermons of Parker's. He proved to have what he denied to Alcott, the power to translate his thought into the language of the people without offending them. Before going to Germany he had read Goethe thoroughly, and among the other books, Goethe's alleged "Correspondence with a Child," published by the famous Bettina von Arnim. In the summer of 1839 he thus commented on it in his Journal:—

"Read Goethe's 'Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde,'—an astounding book,—beginning, middling, and ending a mystery. What did the creature wish

of Goethe? Not to be his wife,—for he had one, at least, at the time. His wife writes one letter to Bettina, such as you might fancy,—still and precise, without feeling. Bettina is one of the queerest of girls, as well as one of the wisest and deepest and highest. She was superior to Goethe, that is quite plain; so the old fox, aware of that fact, desires to get out of her all that could be wrung from her in the shape of letters,—he in the meantime giving nothing by way of return. His selfishness was never more apparent, I fancy, than in this. Goethe used her, as he used all that came in his way."

Five years after this (May 23, 1844) Parker, being in Berlin, delivered his letters of introduction for Savigny, Baur, and Von Humboldt, and called on Bettina. He thus describes the interview:

"A little woman, about sixty. She must once have been handsome; her face is full of expression, her smile beautiful. Hand quite long, only the nails were long and dirty; her attire shabby, the room a little disarranged. I gave the letter to the porter. Presently she came; said she did not speak English. I went in. Saw a gentleman there rather vulgar-looking, from forty-five to fifty (his name I did not catch in the introduction), with a blue coat and metal buttons, a great patch of court-plaster on his forehead. They were sitting, or had been, on a little sofa, at a table, taking coffee; I also took a cup. Soon we talked about Mrs. Edward Robinson and Dr. R. who, she said, looked like a *Menschenfresser* (ogre). Mrs. R. was very *geistreich*; she wondered at the union; asked if Mrs. Robinson was happy in America,—if Robinson had a great renown? still insisting that he was a *Menschenfresser*. I told her in explanation of the marriage that all of that class loved women, and so must have a wife. She said, 'He is *tyrannisch*'; asked if the men did not tyrannize over the women in America? I told her no, but the tyranny was on the other side. She showed me a letter from Mrs. L. M. Child, and her

Letters from New York,' which she said she should not read; she could not read English with pleasure, and now reads almost nothing.

"She has many letters from all parts; was pleased when I told her that her books were much read in America. I told her also of G nderode. She showed me a great mass of criticisms in a scrap-book, of which she complained that they did not understand her,—though they all were favorable notices. She had forgotten Miss Fuller, though she remembered her at length, and the books, but had never read them. She showed me a volume of her letters, just printed but not published; her earliest letters, when she was but fifteen. The volume (*Clemens Brentano's Lauberkranz*, etc., Charlottenburg bei Egbert Baier, 1844) contains letters that passed between her and her brother. She dedicates it to Prince Waldemar, sends a copy to the King, of course to the Censure,—for it may be prohibited! Another volume is to follow. She said she once printed a book that was forbidden,—suppressed! and another book has met with much hostility from the ministers, who have tried to pass a law that shall yet crush it; but this the King refuses to sanction.

"She spoke with great freedom about the King; told me that at Aachen in a certain company some one proposed the King's health,—the company hissed down the proposal, and threw the man out of the window! She thinks him a tyrant; spoke of the affairs of Silesia; said that 70,000 men were there suffering for want, almost in a state of famishing. Still there was bread enough in the land,—but the rich landholders crushed the people, and the King did them no good. He was religious; built a cathedral that cost a million thalers, and served God in that way. She read me four or five pages of a book that she is publishing about Silesia, in which she says that the Bible speaks of two Paradises; one is Yenseits, the other is certainly *not* the Province of Silesia. (Frederick II. called Silesia his Paradise.) Then she tells how the Serpent

has come in; the *Schlange*mutter (namely, the Government), and the *Schlange*nbrud (namely, the officials); that the *Menschen*mutter has eaten the apple, and hence the *Menschen*brud are in a sad condition. The serpent has deceived them there; they eat neither of the Tree of Life nor the Tree of Knowledge; the rich keep them from one, the Government from the other. They are like to be obliged to come upon the *Schlange*nbrod for their diet! How the Government will welcome such a book it is not difficult to see.

"She had complained there is no courage in Deutschland. I told her if the men lacked it she had enough; that she had the courage of a Jewish prophet, and the inspiration of a Christian apostle. She said she was not Christian, but heathen; she prayed to Jupiter. I told her that was nothing; there was but one God, whose name was neither Jupiter nor Jehovah; and He took each true prayer. Then she said she was no Christian. I asked, 'Have you no respect for Christ?' 'None for his *person*, for he had done more harm to the world than any other man.' But that was not his fault; for many years his name has been a *Beil* (axe) with which the bigots have beheaded the liberals; a name in virtue of which the worst tyranny has been carried on. I found, however, that for the man, Jesus of Nazareth, and for all the great doctrines of religion she had the greatest respect. I told her there was, to my thinking, but one religion; that was, *being good and doing good*. She said Yes; but doing good was not vulgar charity, but lifting up the fallen, and helping forward the *Entwicklung der Menschheit* (Development of Man).

"I stayed an hour and a half, and a most animated time we had, too. Her English is about as bad as my German. Yet she had the exceeding generosity to try to talk English. I felt ashamed at first to attempt German, but at last overcame my false shame, and plunged floundering in."

Although Parker reported Miss Fuller in 1839 as having got beyond Carlyle, yet when she was in London

with Mrs. Spring in 1846, she went to see him, and has given her account of it; printed in her *Memoirs* in 1852.

As the "new Journal" goes on towards its birth in July, 1840, Parker hints some of the encouragements and difficulties, and copies some of the verses of his friends, Christopher Cranch and John Dwight which are to appear in the first number. He also copies some "Lines" ascribed to Emerson, which were never acknowledged by him, I think. They are plain and homely, with nothing of the oracular tone, which soon began to characterize every poem of the Concord sage; but for the chance that they may have been one of his earlier pieces, before the philosophic maturity of his mind, they may be here quoted.

SUMMER SCENES IN NEW ENGLAND

I love the woodlands dark and deep;
 An herd of cows; a flock of sheep;
 I love the grass; I love the sky;
 I love a waving field of rye.
 But most of all I love the swain
 Who drives the herd and sows the grain.
 I love to hear his manly feet
 Salute the ground with wholesome beat;
 I love to hear his evening song,
 As tired of toil he strolls along:
 I sit with reapers 'neath the tree,
 And many a joyful talk have we.

When the late sun comes up the sky,
 And fresh with dew the meadows lie,
 How sweetly sings the Bob-o-link
 His cheerful note with chink, chink, chink;
 And every wren from out the bush,
 Red Robin, Blackbird, and brown Thrush,
 Welcome the rising of the sun
 In notes that sparkle as they run.
 How gladly then for comely girls
 In honey hoods and fairy curls,
 I tread the forest and the fields
 To cull the flowers that Nature yields.

The Dial disappeared in 1844; in December, 1847, appeared its successor, the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, which was the special organ of

Parker, as the earlier quarterly had been of Emerson and his Concord friends. These hardly contributed to the new venture, except that Emerson wrote its prefatory note of seven pages, just as he was getting ready for his European tour of 1847-48. Its first three numbers came out in Boston, while he was in England and France, lecturing, dining, and watching the new French Revolution in Paris, with Lamartine in a position of power. But Parker printed in this quarterly his papers on Dr. Channing, John Quincy Adams, Prescott the historian, and Emerson himself; and Lowell here first reviewed Thoreau in his *Week*, and with more geniality than he ever displayed on that sore subject afterward. Parker's review of Emerson has noticeable merits, and utters his constant admiration; but is faulty in its appreciation of Emerson's verse. Parker's ear was open to the rhetoric of verse, and to the noble flights of poesy his soul was alive; but his was not the poetic mood, and he failed to do justice to Emerson's poems, as nearly all his contemporaries did. But of the man and the thinker Parker gave a just account; even as Emerson did of Parker in his funeral eulogy of May, 1860. Parker said, ten years before:

"Emerson leaves you tranquil, resolved on noble manhood, fearless of the consequences. His position is a striking one. Eminently a child of Christianity and of the American idea, he is out of the Church and out of the State. Reproached as an idler, he is active as the sun, and pours out his radiant truth on lyceums at Chelmsford, at Lowell, and all over the land. Such is the beauty of his speech, such the majesty of his ideas, and such the impression which his whole character makes on men, that they lend him everywhere their ears, and thousands bless his manly thoughts."



The Book-Buyer's Guide

BELLES LETTRES.

Payne—The Origin of Life: Its Physical Basis and Definition. By John Butler Payne. Stokes. \$3.00 net.

It would be impossible to do justice to a large and elaborate work like this in a brief notice. The subject commends itself to students of the great problems that it discusses, and to this class of readers it is necessary merely to state concisely its plan and scope. It is not the author's object, as he tells us at the outset, to "lend support to the doctrine of abiogenesis or the development, at the present day, of living from absolutely non-living matter"; but he believes that we have arrived at a method of structural organic synthesis of artificial cells which admits of "being placed in the border and between living and dead matter," as generally understood. "We are after all merely at the dawn of that knowledge which is beginning to appear"; and perhaps 2500 years hence "people will look back to the work of this century in much the same fashion as we are wont to look back . . . to the speculations of the Greek mind of 2500 years ago" and its attempts to solve the problem. What the author aims to do in his 350 pages is "to indicate, and it is hoped also to prove, so far as proof is possible, the continuity of vital processes; that the links between the organic and the inorganic, between living and dead matter, form an unbroken and continuous chain, which connects biology with physics as closely as it unites the two with chemistry." This is the modesty of the true scientific spirit, and the investigator who thus approaches his problem cannot fail to commend his experiments and his conclusions to the careful and impartial consideration of his fellow-workers in similar research, and to all who are interested in the progress of this branch of scientific study.

Robinson—The Religion of Nature. By E. Kay Robinson. McClure, Phillips. 90 cents net.

Mr. Robinson thinks that the greatest modern difficulty is to reconcile the apparent cruelty of natural life with the spirit of Christianity. He endeavors, therefore, in this little volume to show that what is often regarded as cruelty from the human point of view is not so. He thinks that animals do not suffer in the manner in which suffering is understood by the human consciousness and that "pain" as applied to any animal is a misnomer. His point of view is in general agreement with that of Mr. Burroughs, but somewhat more extreme. The essay is an interesting one, but to many persons it will not seem that it is possible to follow the author in all his deductions. Doubtless the lower animals do exist almost wholly by instinct; but in spite of all to be said on the other side many acts of the domestic animals, and even of those not in contact with human beings to any great extent are not to be explained satisfactorily in this manner.

Sainte-Beuve—Portraits of the Eighteenth Century. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Putnam's. 2 vols. \$5.00 net.

These two volumes of which the first is translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley and the second by George Burnham Ives need no other comment than that they contain some of the most delightful of Sainte-Beuve's charming "portraits." The selections are taken from "Causeries du Ludni," the "Portraits de Femmes," and "Portraits Littéraires," and where two or more essays on the same person have appeared in the different series, they are here put together, omitting repetitions. The books are illustrated with portraits, and there is a critical introduction by Edmond Scherer.

POETRY AND VERSE.

Boyesen—The Marsh. By Bayard Boyesen. Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

Youth, some aptitude in the use of poetic form and measure, some faculty of "visualization," albeit wavering and confused at times, a predisposition towards a beclouding symbolism (resulting perhaps from an over-devotion to Maeterlinck)—these confront us from the first to the last page of Mr. Boyesen's drama-poem. And yet (O Youth!)—a second effort may happily disappoint us, by the elimination of the above-named faults (sequent upon youth, as they doubtless are).

Brown—Carthusian Memories and other Verses of Leisure. By William Haig Brown. Longmans, Green. \$1.60 net.

"Carthusian Memories" is a congeries of scholarly good things, and the author's modest declaration *non rectio quidquam nisi amicis* is made good by the fact (unpremised, perhaps, by the author) that all who read his charming collection of leisure-hour *divertissements* with the muse are truly, and at once, his friends—those friends must indeed be friends of "noble touch," as regards scholarship and classic attainments, to follow the nimble play of his five-languaged Ariel, who sports in guise Teutonic, Gallic, or English vernacular, to say nothing of liveries gaily ransacked from the so-called "dead languages." Perhaps the most amusing and ingenious of these experimentations is to be found in his "De Puerulis in Silva Deserta"—otherwise, "Babes in the Woods."

Clifford—Love's Journey. By Ethel Clifford. Lane. \$1.50 net.

This volume of graceful and melodious verse fulfils every promise vouchsafed in the author's earlier "Songs of Dreams," and is pervaded by a tender sympathy—a compassioning realization of Life.

Farquhar—Poems. By Edward Farquhar. Richard G. Badger. \$1.50.

It is a wide-wandering and often a sagely thoughtful muse that presides in this volume of "Poems." Meditations of Roman Emperors,

conversations between the Apostles ere their speeding out over the four ways of the world, discourses between "Time and the Minstrels," wherein the minstrels are each made to speak in characteristic poetic idiom, and, anon, a mediæval lament from past the gates of old Granada—these are some of the Kaleidoscopic varieties of a volume of somewhat remarkable verse not without promise of future work, as ambitious in theme, and as widely speculative, yet all with mature reflection and more disciplined regard for order. Meanwhile the singer is gladly welcomed and herewith we greet him consentingly.

Hewitt—A Golden Dial. Compiled by Ethel M. Hewitt. Methuen.

This treasury of brief poesies and of prose extracts (one of a series of day-books issued by its publishers) well deserved the qualification of "golden" for the choice and unhackneyed character of the selections compiled by Miss Hewitt. Moreover the little volume may well commend itself to readers on this side of the Atlantic, since the "moving finger" of the "dial" signalizes so generously names both old and new in American letters, the selections ranging from the prose of Emerson and Thoreau to that of Henry M. Alden, with a liberal glancing at American writers of verse in the past and present.

Jefferson—Immortality. By Joseph Jefferson. Decorated by Henry Holcomb Bennett. The Saalfeld Co. \$1.00.

This well-known cheery parable in rhyme from the pen of Mr. Jefferson will be still further commended to its many admirers by the profuse illuminations from a sympathetic pencil, set to adorn the suggestive text.

Knowles—On Life's Stairway. By Frederic Lawrence Knowles, Dana Estes. \$1.00. There is great merit, a very true balance between dark and bright in spiritual moods, a very sure and quiet mastery of the art of poetic expression, in this volume—Mr. Knowles's last contribution.

Wolff—The Wild Huntsman. A Legend of the Hartz. By Julius Wolff. Putnam. \$1.50 net. Premising that it is "next to impossible" to interest English readers in the supernatural machinery and atmosphere pertaining to this wonder-tale from the Hartz mountains, we can yet say that the translator has done his work faithfully, and often with verbal effectiveness; awakening a sense of the mysterious and haunting in wild mountain and woodland Nature.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL.

Aubin—Morocco of Today. By Eugène Aubin. Dutton. \$2.00 net.

M. Aubin, the author of this absorbing volume, "crowned by the French Academy," has not only travelled extensively through Morocco, but has also lived for several years in Cairo and Constantinople, and been in Algeria, Tunis, Syria, Egypt, the Indies, Crimea and the Caucasus, the Balkan countries, and European

and Asiatic Turkey. He has, therefore, had ample opportunity for observation of the Mussulman. Yet he declares that he found Morocco so entirely different from the other countries dominated by Islam that he felt that he had everything to learn. The period of his visit to Morocco—the latter part of 1902 and the beginning of 1903—was a fortunate one, since it was the time when the Sultan's attitude had produced a restlessness throughout the country; this was of benefit to the observer in letting him into the secret of conditions, usually carefully hidden from the outsider, revealed by the excited officials. That M. Aubin made the best possible use of all chances thus afforded him will be evident to any one who reads the record of his experiences. His descriptions of the Sultan, the Makhzen, the methods of administration, the religious festivals, and many other matters are deeply interesting. The chapters on "The Family and Society" and "The Jews of Morocco" will also be found especially noteworthy. Without doubt this book contains more information about modern Morocco than any other to be obtained. To many M. Aubin's explanations of the Sultan's life and position will be in the nature of a revelation.

Crawford—Salve-Venetia. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan. 2 vols. \$5.00 net.

Italy and Marion Crawford are always a good combination, and Venice gives him a fine field for his facile pen. Descriptions of scenery or places are delightful. The historical side of the picture is presented; the history is not profound,—"Gleanings" is the happy way he describes it,—but it is very readable, and needless to say, abounds in picturesqueness. Perhaps Mr. Pennell's illustrations are also picturesque. A great many of them are quite incomprehensible to one who has not been in Venice, but occasionally he leaves more than is agreeable to the imagination. This book has already been mentioned several times in the "Lounge," which makes a larger notice unnecessary.

Harris—Cornish Saints and Sinners. By J. Henry Harris. Lane. \$1.50 net.

With the help of Mr. Raven-Hill's drawings—no inconsiderable factor—Mr. Harris has made a fascinating book about a corner of England which still preserves in an eminent degree many customs savoring of antiquity. There is, not unnaturally, a strongly Celtic cast to the Cornish character. The land is full of tales and superstitions, there is a note of leisure in the atmosphere, and good nature and quick temper are oddly mingled in the people. Mr. Harris does not discourse gravely on these subjects. He simply describes in an amusing fashion a trip through the charming country, pausing now and then to tell some story that strikes his fancy. Some of these are of smuggling, for the Cornishmen were great smugglers, especially during the period of the Napoleonic wars. Intercourse with the Bretons was too profitable to be abandoned even for Mr. Pitt. There is a temptation to quote freely from such a book as this; and in the absence of any opportunity to do so it

only remains to commend Mr. Harris's pages to the reader in their entirety. Many more pretentious chronicles of travel have been less entertaining.

Sedgwick—A Short History of Italy. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.00 net.

It is hard to determine for what class of readers this book was written. It is not childish enough for children, it does not show sufficient research to give it value to the student, and is far too casual in its descriptions of many events,—the massacre of the Albiguises, who are not named in the account of the persecution, and for instance—to be useful to persons of little knowledge, but much desire to learn history.

Todd—In Olde Connecticut. By Charles Burr Todd. Grafton Press. \$1.25 net.

The byways of history often have a fascination denied to the highroads. In these interesting pages Mr. Todd discourses pleasantly upon various episodes in the past of an old New England commonwealth. He takes us to Fairfield, to Lebanon, to New London, and gives us glimpses of matters not often set down. The picturesque side of our history is too often neglected. Even the strenuous resistance of the colonists to political and religious ideals they did not like did not deprive their lives of all salt and savor. There were dinners and dances at Lebanon, the home of Trumbull, when the French officers were there, and "the fair Connecticut girls" were considered attractive by the visitors. The volume is the first in "The Grafton Historical Series," designed, as the editor remarks, to "provide an effective background for our Americanism and a welcome perspective to our patriotism." If the succeeding volumes are as well written as Mr. Todd's the object will be attained.

FICTION.

Bazan—The Mystery of the Lost Dauphin. By Emilia Pardo Bazan. Translated by Annabel Hord Seeger. Funk and Wagnalls. \$1.50 net.

Senora Bazan is already well known to students of Spanish as a novelist of much power, but her works have been little translated. In this novel she takes for her theme the possible survival of the son of Louis XVI. under the name of Charles William Naundorff, who claimed the throne in the reign of Louis XVIII. Between the sorrows of the alleged "lost dauphin" and the love romance of his beautiful daughter Senora Bazan weaves an absorbing tale. The most noticeable characteristic about the author's style, as judged in translation, is her marked dramatic instinct. The scenes pictured by her stamp themselves upon the reader's memory.

Barbour—Breakers Ahead. By A. Maynard Barbour. Lippincott. \$1.50.

Business and politics mingle in "Breakers

Ahead." The hero, a son of an English banker, who has started out for himself in the West, succeeds for a time in both. He is cold, relentless, even savage in his determination to make a place for himself in the world. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult for the reader to understand how the impulsive young man who, cast adrift in a remote country, seduces, marries, and deserts an ignorant girl could have gained such marvellous self-control as he is credited with in the later episodes of his career. Naturally his youthful sin finds him out in the end, in the shape of an unknown son; and with exposure come the ruin of his schemes and sudden death. It might be difficult to demonstrate that any single incident in the tale is beyond the bounds of probability, and yet the effect as a whole is not convincing. The author's style is rather stilted and the dialogue is somewhat less than natural.

Bangs—R. Holmes & Co. By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper. \$1.25 net.

Mr. Bangs's humor is somewhat variable in quality, but in this little volume of stories he presents the reader with a clever idea cleverly carried out. His hero is a son of Sherlock Holmes and a grandson of Raffles. Inheriting traits from both, he applies the methods of both to commit crime or to detect it. The teller of the stories, the familiar Jenkins, finds Holmes in his room one night. He has come to suggest a literary partnership after the fashion of Watson and Bunny. There is amusement for a summer afternoon in the result.

Chambers—The Tracer of Lost Persons. By Robert W. Chambers. Appleton. \$1.50.

Somewhat puerile and wholly absurd is the main idea of this amorous tale, but some of the incidents are amusing, and the dialogue is brisk. It may be recommended as strictly suitable for verandah reading. The number of persons satisfactorily married off between the covers of the book is confusing.

Churchill—Coniston. By Winston Churchill. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Mr. Churchill has obviously set out to portray the significant phases of American life in a large and serious way. He has dealt with the Revolutionary epoch and with the period of the Civil War. Now in "Coniston" he gives us a close study of political conditions in the days following the later struggle. Although there are many characters in his pages the book is in effect a biography of a single person, Jethro Bass, the "boss" of a New England State. The narrative begins in the days before the war, when Bass was a young man, and it carries through to the end a love episode which did much to mould the man's curious nature. Then after the passage of years Bass reappears at the height of his political power, meets the husband and daughter of his old love, now dead, and becomes in a sense the *doux ex machina* of their fortune. The younger Cynthia has a love affair, too, which ends happily. But this is a minor matter

compared with the relation of the fortunes of Bass. Mr. Churchill's State is plainly New Hampshire, and this setting may be recognized by those who know the lay of the land. His minor persons are drawn with no little skill and savor of the soil. Still it is Jethro Bass who dominates the story as he dominated the lives with which the story is concerned. Incidentally there is no little light thrown upon conditions that are a disgrace to democracy. Mr. Churchill says truly that similar conditions prevail in other States, and he expresses the hope that he may be contributing somewhat to the overthrow of the boss system. It has had other hard knocks, however, and still survives. The moral no doubt is valuable, but the analysis of Jethro's mind and soul—for he has a soul—is what counts the most. "Coniston" is on the whole the best thing the author has yet done. No brief notice can convey an adequate idea of its scope. Perhaps it is enough to say that Mr. Churchill is far more interesting and far less labored here than in his previous novels, and that he shows a grasp of his subject even fuller of promise for the future.

De Mille—Cord and Creese. By James De Mille. Harper. \$1.00.

This republication of a once popular novel is welcome. The new generation of readers doubtless knows little of De Mille. But this story of his, as well as "The Dodge Club" and "The American Baron," were great favorites in their day. There is an old-fashioned air to "Cord and Creese," and the sentiment seems over-florid. As a tale of adventure, however, it is distinctly exciting. Beginning in Australia it carries the hero by moving accidents of flood and field to England, where he untangles a crime—or, rather, a series of crimes—and comes finally into the enjoyment of peace and prosperity. So far as style goes it is much superior to the novel of adventure of commerce, as put on the market to-day.

Cooke—The Ancient Miracle. By Jane Grosvenor Cooke. Barnes. \$1.50.

Life in the Grands Plateaux of northern Canada is described pleasantly in this peaceful but not unpleasing tale of love and labor. Mrs. Cooke has imprisoned the atmosphere of this cold yet beautiful country and draws well the good and simple folk who live there. The Francœur family, the faithful *Curé* Xavier, and his numerous progeny are all pictured graphically, while the love stories of the two girls furnish sufficient interest to keep the reader's attention. It is chiefly for the characterization that the book will be found enjoyable.

Curtis—Stand Pat. By David A. Curtis. Page. \$1.50.

These sketches, as the title suggests, deal with the noble game of poker as played in wild Western communities. The setting which serves as a background is not unfamiliar to readers of American fiction, and some of the characters have the air of old acquaintances. Mr. Curtis has contrived, however, to give considerable freshness to his narrative and in Long Mike and Old Man Greenhut

he has drawn figures of considerable originality. It is a pleasant volume for casual reading.

Danby—The Sphinx's Lawyer. By Frank Danby. Stokes. \$1.50.

The brother of the woman who wrote this particularly nasty novel was well advised in "hating and loathing" it, and her revolt from his "narrow judgment" will hardly be justified by the public. We do not doubt that Frank Danby is perfectly conscientious in thinking that such subjects as she reveals in all their grossness are fit for general discussion. But it is none the less a duty on the part of the reviewer to use plain language and tell her that she is wretchedly mistaken. Her book is simply bestial in its implications. Nor has it the virtue of *vraisemblance*. The man who has mingled so long in a corrupt and brilliant circle is supposed to be at least a gentleman. Yet on his first call upon a young widow still in black for her husband he tells her what a wonderful complexion she has, holds her hands, kisses her "as she had never been kissed before," and excuses himself by saying, "You looked so sweet!" Now the utter caddishness of the whole proceeding does not strike the author; she goes on calmly to show how the two fell in love and married, and how the woman redeemed the man. Such a man could never have been redeemed, even if it were worth while to undertake the task. And he is only a mild specimen of the *bête humaine* as exhibited in these pages. There is a skill in the exhibition, no doubt, but to any right-minded person it is disgusting. The fact that the figure of Algernon Heselton, whose widow plays an unenviable part in the story, is obviously drawn from that of a degenerate poet and critic now dead may give the book a certain vogue; but the pretence that any moral lesson can be taught by this restirring of foul waters is plainly absurd.

Deeping—Bess of the Woods. By Warwick Deeping. Harper. \$1.50.

No less romantic though placed in a much later period than "Uther and Igraine" is this tale of a love which surmounts all obstacles—even those most ingeniously contrived by the author. Mr. Deeping boldly puts the fire of the fifteenth century in the ordinarily prosaic eighteenth and relates the doings of smugglers and other reprehensible but picturesque people with abundance of episode. The characters are vividly drawn; the plot "marches"; the color is laid on freely and not without sureness. Persons who care for the novel of adventure which lays no claim to probability will doubtless like this story, the best which Mr. Deeping has written.

Dole—The Latin Poets: An Anthology. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Crowell. \$2.00 and \$3.50.

That genial scholar and gentleman, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, whether or not so acknowledged, stands as a literary benefactor to the present generation both of writers and of

readers. This claim had already been made good by two incomparable volumes, "The Persian Poets," and "The Greek Poets," and there is triple corroboration in the present addition to the anthological treasure-house of his industrious and clever furnishing. "The Latin Poets" gives a most characteristic, illustrative survey of Latin poetry from Terence and Plautus to the days of Lucan and Juvenal, inclusive. The selections from the various English translators have been most judiciously made, and these range from examples of the archaic to the most modern diction.

Driscoll—In the Shadow of the Alamo. By Clara Driscoll. Putnam. \$1.50.

Local color rather than plot is the most conspicuous element in these half-dozen sketches of the San Antonio Valley. The spirit of the grim old Alamo pervades all of them and in one of them, Miss Driscoll tells once more the tale of soul-stirring bravery forever associated with its walls. Pathos and passion are both to be found in the stories, but it is the atmosphere which is most delightful. The illustrations by Florence Eagar add greatly to the charm of the volume.

Eno—The Baglioni: A Play in Five Acts. By Henry Lane Eno. Moffat, Yard. \$1.50 net.

The author of "The Baglioni" has purveyed his material with sufficient care and research from sixteenth-century annals of social intrigue and civil dissension, in the old city of Perugia. The play concerns itself, chiefly, with the illicit loves of one Marcantonio Baglioni and the wife of his relative, Grifonetto. The guilty heroine is not "supersubtle"—though the author endeavors to make her so, in accounting for her amorous duplicities. The blank verse marches with tolerable, even correctness, but the rhetoric is often turgid and we should doubt if the play could be found to be actable, though possibly possessing some dramatic passages.

France—The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard. By Anatole France. Translated by Lafcadio Hearn. Harper. \$1.25.

Even Lafcadio Hearn's translation can hardly render in English all the charm of this wholly delightful story in which M. France put all the grace of style and delicacy of characterization which are his in his inspired moments. One who could not enjoy this delicious bit of fiction must lack alike love for art and love for human nature. A treat so rare atones for a host of dreary novels. Persons unable to read the sketch in the original should not fail to get Mr. Hearn's translation.

Godfrey—The Bridal of Anstance. By Elizabeth Godfrey. John Lane. \$1.50.

A plot somewhat over-intense and morbid is relieved in this novel by much delightful character-study. Miss Godfrey takes as her theme the marriage of an English girl to a Greek nobleman. Just before they are to leave on their wedding journey Leonides receives a wire. He disappears and is not to be found. Eventually the somewhat banal cause of his action—a wife whom he had believed to

be dead—appears on the scene, and, as he has gone into a monastery and is about to take the final vows, Anstance adopts the child, to the satisfaction of mother and father. The reader leaves her about to devote herself to his welfare for the rest of her life instead of consenting to the dissolution of her mock marriage and hope for future happiness with either one of two good men who are devoted to her. Were it not for the genuine charm of the characters this would be intolerable. As it is, even the skilful way in which the story is told fails to make the reader forget that here is rather a perversion of the essential tragedy of life than a situation inevitable in itself.

Holley—Samantha vs. Josiah. By Marietta Holley. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.50.

That loquacious lady Samantha Allen has been before the public many years, and in the nature of things her eloquence has lost something of its freshness. Yet in these latest controversies with Josiah the humor is genuine, and, as usual, there is much good sense mingled with it. The pious little stories of wonderful "Providences" read by Samantha to Josiah furnish opportunities for many amusing sceptical arguments on Josiah's part. Any book of this kind read at a sitting is apt to grow wearisome. But to one who picks it up from time to time it should make a pleasant appeal.

Irving—Crowell's Miniature Edition of Irving's Select Works. Crowell. \$2.50.

Five tidy books, so small that they can be slipped into a coat pocket, case and all, and yet so well printed on fine India paper, that the type is agreeably legible. The five books are: "The Sketch Book," "Christmas Sketches," "The Alhambra," "Bracebridge Hall," and "Tales of a Traveler." They are bound in beautiful soft leather, with case to match, and bear witness to the truth of the old saying that "Good things are wrapped in small parcels."

Lincoln—Mr. Pratt. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Barnes. \$1.50.

Very much in the style of "Cap'n Eri" is this tale of another seafaring character. Mr. Pratt gives voice to many amusing reflections in the course of the book, and in these rather than in the narrative of the doings of the young men from New York will be found the chief pleasure in reading the volume.

Phillips—The Fortune Hunter. By David Graham Phillips. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

Rather clever is this sketch of a type of social nuisance called by one of the characters "a dead beat—one of the worst kind—the born gentleman." This ingenious *chevalier d'industrie* has reached the point where no considerations of decency can interfere with his plans to get the wherewithal for his worthless existence. He nearly wrecks the lives of two girls in the effort, but ends, happily, only in suicide for himself. Contrasted with the rascality of the hero, himself a German by birth, is the life of the German tradespeople in New York, who maintain in the New World

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the customs of the Old and lead their peaceful lives apart, except in trade, from the people in whose land they dwell.

Poole—The Voice of the Street. By Ernest Poole. Barnes. \$1.50.

This is a curious book. It is highly original as to plot, and some skill is shown by the author in the drawing of character. The street boy who becomes a great singer is not unknown to fiction, but the sacrifice involved in his education, a life of theft by an otherwise sweet and innocent girl, is decidedly uncommon. The trouble is that Mr. Poole is never quite convincing. His people move through a haze of sentimentality of which his hysterical style is a fit medium. "The Voice of the Street" ought to have been a fine novel. But somehow it is not.

Sage—The District Attorney. By William Sage. Little, Brown. \$1.50.

Novels of American political life have not often been successful; there are few, if any, worthy of comparison with Trollope's or McCarthy's novels of English political life. Of late, however, the larger opportunities of the subject seem to be more widely appreciated. It cannot be said that Mr. Sage has here given us a noteworthy study of existing conditions in our cities, although he has indicated with some skill what these conditions are. His hero is a young lawyer who becomes District Attorney and conducts his office with such vigor and resolution that an influential party manager is finally sent to jail. Incidentally he defeats his wealthy father's corrupt schemes. There is a "heart interest," as the theatrical men would say, but it is not very important or convincing.

Sherman and Scollard—A Southern Flight. By Frank Dempster Sherman and Clinton Scollard. Brown. \$1.25 and \$3.50.

"A Southern Flight" is somewhat unique in the book-making craft, its contents being a sort of melodious duo or "part singing" by two well-known and favorite writers of verse. They voyage melodiously and picturesquely on the "viewless wings of Poesy" to St. Augustine with its jasmine-entwined balconies, its cathedral chimneys, and its ancient slave-mart. Anon we are bidden to listen to the feathered minstrel—the mocking-bird, in his "Tree-Tavern"—or to the wind's song in the sunset palms; and the return voyage sights, and sings, for us various points on the storied Carolina coast. The regular edition of this pleasant little volume numbers but two hundred and fifty copies—with an added luxury of twelve copies on Japanese vellum.

Sinclair—The Tysons. By May Sinclair. Dodge. \$1.50.

This early story by Miss Sinclair is hardly up to the level of her later books, but it contains some clever character-study and keen though somewhat painful probing of human nature. The young wife's pathetic loyalty to her worthless husband in the face of his utter weakness of moral fibre is drawn with sureness, but in more morbid fashion than in the

author's more recent works of fiction. The sketch makes a vivid impression upon the reader's mind, despite its faults.

Stimson—In Cure of Her Soul. By Frederic J. Stimson. Appleton. \$1.50.

With certain marked faults of style and some looseness of construction, Mr. Stimson's new novel is none the less one of the few genuinely valuable contributions to fiction of the year. The length of the story is, to our mind, no objection; a large theme deserves a roomy canvas. But the parenthetical method has its dangers, which not even a master like Thackeray could wholly escape; and in Mr. Stimson's hands the long digressions, the social sermons, are a trifle cloying. It is unnecessary, however, to lay great stress upon the blemishes in such a serious work of art. Mr. Stimson puts his finger upon tendencies in American life with which every thoughtful observer must be concerned. He deals with the society pictured so effectively by Mrs. Wharton in "The House of Mirth," but he deals with it in a broader and more impersonal way, and he offers a larger background of the world without. Austin Pinckney, married while still young to a pretty girl in order to save her from an engagement she disliked, is a lawyer of high ideals, whose work leads him to fight various financial, economic and political schemes of dubious repute. Meanwhile his wife goes her way, becomes absorbed in *le monde ou l'on ennuit* and sadly deteriorates in moral fibre, although she does not take the last fatal step which would separate her from him forever. Meanwhile Austin meets Mary Ravenal, the woman he ought to have married. The love of these and their mutual self-sacrifice, the death of Mary, and the return of Austin to a chastened and repentant Dorothy, make up the psychologic interest of the narrative. No crude outline can give any just impression of the nice and discriminating skill of the author. We are not at all sure that the book will be a "best seller." It contains many passages which must certainly be caviare to the general. But it is a fine, strong, solid piece of work, done by a man of large experience, wide sympathies, and marked intellectual power. Would that its like were more common!

Stevenson—The Girl with the Blue Sailor. By Burton E. Stevenson. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.

When a young man is a fellow-traveller with a young woman whom he does not know but notes approvingly, and when the two, entering a train together, are mistaken by some rice-throwing enthusiasts for bridegroom and bride, we expect a love tale with a happy *dénouement* to follow. Perhaps Mr. Stevenson cuts closer to reality in making the girl disagreeable and turning the man's heart at last to another. But his story is neither long enough nor substantial enough to make this situation plausible or interesting. One simply wonders what there was about the somewhat rude young person with the "blue sailor" to attract an admirer.

Stringer—The Wire Tappers. By Arthur Stringer. Little, Brown. \$1.50.

Unsavoury as well as unusual is the atmosphere of this tale of refined criminality. Despite the superficial glamour thrown over the hero and heroine by the fact that they are of decent birth and breeding, the fact remains that there is not a single character in the book who is not engaged in some form of illegal business, while the majority are criminals of a most unpleasant type. The story is exciting, but the morale is unqualifiedly bad.

Twain—Eve's Diary. By Mark Twain. Harper. \$1.00.

An attractive book has been made out of Mark Twain's rather brief account of the emotions of Eve in the Garden during Adam's courtship, with alternating pages of drawing and of text. There is no little ingenuity in the development of Eve's character and knowledge of the world, as well as a touch of seriousness which sets off the humor. Possibly the book is less individual than some others by the same author, but there is no little charm in its pages. Every one will wish to read it.

Van Vorst—The Sin of George Warrenner. By Marie van Vorst. Macmillan. \$1.50.

A psychological study of marked power is Miss van Vorst's latest and most notable contribution to fiction. In this book she has drawn with almost painful truth to life a character sketch of an American woman of a certain—most disagreeable—type. Essentially vulgar to her heart's core, Gertrude Warrenner can present an excellent appearance, with proper clothes, as long as she keeps her mouth closed. Her husband, with all his commonplaceness, has in him a trace of finer fibre; but Gertrude is hopeless. The end of the novel is tragic to a degree far exceeding the ordinary tragedies of death and sorrow. One knows that there is absolutely nothing in George Warrenner's wife to respond to his dire need. Miss van Vorst has the courage to make her consistent even at the last. The chief fault of the book is that the psychological element has so far dominated all the other elements of the novel that were that part of it to be removed there would practically be nothing left. There is no relief for the revelation of the singularly unpleasant personality of the leading character. And in this respect Miss van Vorst errs artistically, although she has written an analysis of character in many ways distinguished by vigor and originality.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Harwood—The New Earth. By W. S. Harwood. Macmillan. \$1.75 net.

Mr. Harwood is an enthusiast regarding progress in agriculture, and his optimistic outlook can hardly fail to communicate itself to the reader. He tells of the treatment of soil, plant development, modern forestry, modern dairying, reclaiming the earth, the foods of the new earth, and agricultural education, with a spontaneous joy in the changes wrought by science. A chapter on the marvellous work of Luther Burbank repeats what the author has already told in "New Creations of Plant Life" of the thornless edible cacti, now nearly perfected, by which even the desert is to be reclaimed. This book is uniform in appearance with the earlier volume.

Nevinson—A Modern Slavery. By Henry W. Nevinston. Harper. \$2.00 net.

The purpose of this book is to show that the condition of the blacks employed by the Portuguese traders and planters of the Western Coast and islands of Africa as "contract laborers" is virtually that of slavery. In order to discover the real facts Mr. Nevinston went to Africa; and after examining the state of affairs as thoroughly as possible on the mainland went on a slave-ship to San Thomé, visiting there several of the plantations and finding out as much as possible the life led by the workers. He proves conclusively by the details presented that these unfortunate creatures are slaves. The legality of the form of slavery makes it the more deplorable. Ostensibly the slave signs a contract to work for five years under certain conditions. As a matter of fact he or she would not dare to refuse, and if refusal were made to the question of willingness to accept the terms no attention would be paid to it by the officials. In some cases the form of renewing the contract is carefully observed; in others this is not done; in all cases the slave has no chance of ever being sent back to his home. Mr. Nevinston does not believe that the more extreme forms of cruelty are practised by the planters and their overseers; but he is assured that life is only regarded as valuable in a commercial sense, and that happiness is foreign to the slave's life, while flogging is a daily occurrence and minor cruelty is common. The book is deeply interesting and gives the impression of being overdrawn in no particular. The author's tone is moderate and he evidently relates the situation exactly as he saw it and not as he might have seen it.

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